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The Week

AT the Jackson Day dinner in Washington, none of the threatened opposition to the nomination of Governor Smith as the Democratic candidate for President intruded. His opponents are apparently willing to admit that they are beaten. They are ready to concede his nomination—on conditions; and the value of the opportunity which the nomination offers will depend upon the scope of those conditions. It is difficult at present to rate that value very high. Governor Smith himself does nothing to increase it. His letter to Chairman Shaver of the Democratic National Committee will contribute to his success in Houston, but it does not open up any vista towards an aggressive and victorious campaign on his part for election against a strong Republican candidate. The letter advises the party to move in two directions. One is that the Democratic National Committee should immediately begin the formulation of a Democratic platform. The other is that the platform "be built by applying the fundamental principles of Jeffersonian democracy unflinchingly to each specific problem of the day." In our opinion, neither of these recommendations will, if carried out, help to make their author a more formidable candidate for the presidency.

IN Governor Smith's situation, it is certainly a defeatist policy on his part to call in the Democratic National Committee as an effective agency for writing a new and invigorating platform. He is to be the nominee of a disorganized and spineless party whose representatives in Congress since Coolidge was elected have agreed with one another and with the Republicans about policies on which the Republicans were agreed, and have differed among themselves about policies on which the Republicans differed. They are incapable of giving any vitality to a formulation of principles except under the whip of aggressive, original and thoughtful leadership. Governor Smith's proposal is the negation of such leadership. His advice to the Committee to build its platform on the unflinching application of Jeffersonian principles to the problems of the day is merely a confession on his part of a poverty of ideas. It means absolutely zero as any real clue to the direction in which he would like to guide American national policy. The Jeffersonian principles were the reflection of a loosely organized agrarian community which was faced with none of the problems of a modern industrialized society. Their application to the problems of today is hopelessly ambiguous. For fifty years they have been the consummate example of a meaningless political shibboleth. Every Democratic candidate for a major office always feels called upon to announce his sturdy loyalty to the principles of Jefferson. Politicians as wide apart as Bryan, Underwood, Wilson, McAdoo, David, Blease and Huddleston all declare themselves to be immaculately Jeffersonian. The formula saves every Democratic candidate from the irksome necessity of doing any thinking.

WHAT an extraordinary contrast there is between Al Smith's behavior as the governor and political leader of New York State and as presidential candidate. In New York he is master of his own house

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and of his own soul. He knows what he wants; he knows the people of the state; he knows how to get what he wants from them. His judgments are nearly always prompt, sound, decisive and successful. He makes them on his own. But as a presidential candidate, he does not dare to show himself. His party will nominate him, not because of what he is and stands for, but because of his extraordinary gift as a magnet for votes. The theory is that if he shows himself off, he will destroy some of the magnetism. The consequence is that he no longer knows what he is doing. He is surrounded by people who give him contradictory advice, and he does not know whose to take. Inevitably he does nothing, and he will probably not recover himself and find his way around his new house until it is too late and his chance of election has vanished. It was never very considerable.

UNEMPLOYMENT at high wages does not give the workers much evidence that our greatly praised prosperity is genuine. The report of the New York State Industrial Commissioner concerning conditions in that state, which are usually fairly typical of the country at large, shows that there was a net decrease of 66,000 in the number of wage-earners employed in factories during 1927. The index of employment for December of last year was almost a full point below the index of December, 1921, a year of depression. The average weekly earning of those still employed, however, remained relatively high, being $29.59, or $4.68 more than in December, 1921. The index number of total factory pay-rolls was 218 last month, against 185 six years ago. What happens to the workers which industry sloughs off as it introduces more efficient processes? They do not go on the farms or into the mines and railroads, because these occupations are also shrinking. Building construction employed fewer workers in 1927 than in 1926. Surely all the unemployed do not become garage mechanics, filling station attendants, or automobile salesmen. Here is a problem on which we need more light. That light would probably show that it is an essential duty of a society whose industrial methods are rapidly changing to provide a national system of employment exchanges and unemployment insurance. Perhaps this ought to be supplemented by a comprehensive plan of old-age pensions, since the men over forty-five are those who most often are discharged.

MR. HOOVER'S campaign for the Republican nomination is being conducted in an increasingly aggressive manner. His friends are now ignoring the opposition of regular Republican organizations in Ohio and New York and are trying to recruit what delegates they can from those states. Whether or not it is worse for the Hoover general staff to fight for delegates in any particular state depends, of course, partly upon local conditions, partly upon the resources at their disposal and partly upon the evidence of general popular support, but there can be no doubt that Mr. Hoover's chance of the nomination depends upon the adoption of aggressive tactics. The resistance to his nomination is at present negative. It is either organized by the local machines who wish the final selection to be the result of a profitable bargain, or it is collected around a few insignificant favorite sons. It is likely to collapse under a vigorous assault in the interest of a candidate who, like Mr. Hoover, is supported by an energetic and articulate element in public opinion. At the prevailing rate of progress, Mr. Hoover may by the first of March be as good as nominated. The fact will indicate a certain recovery by the Republican party of self-respect and good sense.

THE Navy Committee of the House of Representatives proposes not merely to authorize the new 10,000-ton cruisers and to appropriate the necessary money, but to make their building mandatory on the President. The proposal is significant chiefly because of the light which it throws on the attitude of Congress. That body evidently no longer considers cruiser construction as an alternative to negotiation, but as a weapon to be used in negotiation. It proposes to build the cruisers first and to negotiate afterwards, and this policy does not encounter effective dissent or resistance from any influential section of public opinion. There is comparatively little discussion about the matter, and it has not required any big-navy propaganda to secure the needed popular and official support. It is an imperturbable and impervious and perhaps dangerous state of mind, but it is born of the failure at Geneva and it will not last. When the time for negotiation again comes, the United States will be willing to negotiate. What one Congress can do another Congress can undo. The negotiation itself need only be postponed until there is a new President in the White House and a new Prime Minister in Downing Street.

REMOVAL of the ban by the Department of State on American loans to French industry represents a praiseworthy surrender of part of the policy adopted to coerce recalcitrant debtors. As a matter of fact, it would not have been wise to extend loans to France during the period of inflation; there is, too, a large question whether most of the loans extended to Italy and Germany will not decrease rather than increase their capacity to pay debts or reparations. But the policy of the State Department was political rather than economic in its conception. France has not ratified the debt settlement, and this measure of discipline, far from inducing her to do so, has rather forced her to fulfill her requirements for foreign capital in other markets. Loans to the French government still are not approved, but this ban may also be lifted in the

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near future. In spite of official denials, it is impossible to regard this incident as wholly disconnected with the conference of the heads of the great central banks in New York last summer, when France apparently promised to be good by refraining from transferring her large balances from London to New York, thus relieving both centers of embarrassment about gold shipments to this country. Doubtless the foreign investment of American capital might well be regulated for the general economic and political good. But to use restriction of loans as an instrument of nationalistic policy in the effort to compel an unwilling consent to pay excessive amounts of war debts is wholly without merit.

NOW that the Royal Dutch oil interests have made good on their threat to start a price war on the Standard Oil Company of New York if it continued to purchase oil from the Russians, the New York company has issued a statement bringing the affair into the open. It states what was well known before, that the Royal Dutch, a British-controlled combination, had formerly bought Russian oil itself, and at one time sought a monopoly of the Russian exports. This, of course, makes ridiculous Sir Henry Deterding's indignant argument that no virtuous company should have anything to do with the "stolen oil" confiscated by the Russian "thieves and murderers." The Standard Oil statement might have added that the British severance of diplomatic relations with Russia followed closely upon, and is largely attributable to, the failure of the Royal Dutch to secure the Russian export monopoly. The price war seems to have broken out first in India, one of the chief markets for the Russian products, and may extend to China, the Near East, and other parts of the world—even to America. American citizens need not be concerned about this big-business quarrel unless it drags political consequences after it, through the intervention of the national governments. In this respect we may be fortunate that the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey seems to be an ally of the Royal Dutch rather than of its sister company across the river.

NINETEEN Yale students have been arrested for distributing what the police call "advertising matter," without a permit, on the streets of New Haven. The pamphlet in question is the result of a careful study, extending over months, of the strike of neckwear workers against two manufacturers who refused to sign the contract with the union and removed from New York to New Haven in order to perpetuate home work, in which sweating is almost impossible to prevent. The pamphlet was prepared to inform the public of the situation, because the local papers declined to print anything about the strike or its issues. The police forbade its distribution; whereupon the students in question, some of whom sympathize with the strikers, passed it out in aid of the general cause of free speech. It has been charged that the action of the papers and the police is inspired by the local Chamber of Commerce, which wants to attract manufacturers to the city. Dean Mendel is wholly justified in declining to take disciplinary measures, saying that the students have assumed full responsibility and that the solution of the case rests with the courts. His personal comment, to the effect that the culprits were unwise in trespassing on the hospitality of the city in affairs concerning which they cannot have complete understanding and which do not immediately affect them, seems to us unworthy of an educator. More to our liking is the comment of the Yale Daily News, which caustically replies to indignant alumni—indignant, strangely enough, at the students—that the student energy formerly employed in such fruitful pastimes as throwing bricks through windows and engaging firemen in pitched battles on the Green is now consumed in investigating public abuses and studying labor conditions. "The only thing that is unreasonable," concludes the News after examining the pamphlet, "is the taciturnity of a garrulous press."

IN view of the importance of the automobile industry to general prosperity, we have carefully studied the advertisements and publicity accompanying the launching of the new motor year. From this we learn that each make is better than every other make. We see that there are at least half a dozen inexpensive cars which offer every attraction of speed, style, comfort and durability which can be obtained at any price. We read that there is a decided drift of public favor toward the higher-priced car, while at the same time the lower-priced ones are all trebling or sextupling their sales. Numerous makers have introduced complete and fundamental revolutions in design, while it is generally admitted that every standard car is so good that it could scarcely be improved. In spite of the fact that there are about 23,000,000 motor vehicles registered in this country, leaders of the industry predict that the record total of 5,000,000 new ones will be built and sold this year. At the same time it is alleged that the dealers will benefit from an improvement in the market for used cars. Instalment selling, we are told, if properly managed, can indefinitely stimulate sales and production, thus adding to the national income enough to provide purchasers for all the additional output. Only one conclusion is possible. The automobile business and the nation will be prosperous because every man, woman and child who is not busy making cars will spend twenty-four hours a day riding about in them, meanwhile keeping a few extra ones in the garage.

WHY does the Treasury Department penalize American scholars and libraries who have to buy costly books from abroad? In 1903 there was

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levied a tariff of 25 percent on these imported books, which, according to the Treasury's interpretation, was reckoned on the cost of the books to the importers. In 1913 the rate was reduced to 15 percent on such works of scholarship; but later the Treasury, by some inexplicable reinterpretation of the meaning of the law, ruled that it should be reckoned on a fictitious value which in many cases is double or more than double the cost to the importer. Since books of this character ordinarily have a small circulation, they would not be printed in this country even if there were a still higher tariff on them, and so there is no need for this excessive protection for the American printer, even on the most austere protective-tariff basis.

MRS. SNYDER and Judd Gray have been electrocuted and their execution has revived acutely our qualms about capital punishment. In this case, there seems no question of the guilt of the persons punished, yet their fate has horrified and disgusted us. We take for granted brutalities of the poor, and when they are punished, we are not moved. But Mrs. Snyder and Gray were respectable: they seemed exactly like three-fourths of America; and their crime and their fate were peculiarly present to our imaginations. To many, the vividness of their executions provided pleasurable excitement; the gutter press surpassed itself: the reporter of the Daily News concealed a camera on his leg and took a photograph of Mrs. Snyder in the chair; and the night of the execution, a great crowd made holiday outside the prison, as if it were a medieval burning or breaking on the wheel. But to others, the occasion was less delightful: Elliott, the executioner, had a nervous collapse after the electrocutions; and Warden Lawes, confessing that the experience had been the most trying of his official career, announced with considerable feeling that he had ceased to believe in capital punishment. And who will pretend that electrocution is not a method of inflicting death horrible out of all proportion to any deterrent effect it may conceivably be supposed to have? Furthermore, in this case, there is the additional question of the suffering endured by innocent persons. What justification in the protection of other lives can the State offer for the hideous agony already caused and, in the future, to be perpetuated, for the children and the mothers of the culprits? What educated person today holds a view of moral responsibility which alone could justify such cruelty for the worst crime ever committed? The day before Mrs. Snyder and Gray were executed, Thomas Hardy died: a correspondent in another column has shown the relative amounts of space given by the various newspapers to these two events. But even in those newspapers where the latter received as much attention as the former, it does not seem to have occurred to anybody to apply to the Snyder case the moral which a great man of letters had spent his life trying to impress on his age. Hardy has provided us with a poem for just such an occasion:

ON THE PORTRAIT OF A WOMAN ABOUT TO BE HANGED

Comely and capable one of our race,
Posing there in your gown of grace,
  Plain yet becoming;
    Could subtlest breast
    Ever have guessed
What was behind that innocent face,
  Drumming, drumming!

Would that your Causer, ere knoll your knell
For this riot of passion, might deign to tell
  Why, since It made you
    Sound in the germ,
    It sent a worm
To madden its handiwork, when it might well
  Not have assayed you,

Not have implanted, to your deep rue,
The Clytæmnestra spirit in you,
  And with purblind vision
    Sowed a tare
    In a field so fair,
And a thing of symmetry, seemly to view,
  Brought to derision!

Tall Talk from Tight Lips

AMERICAN Presidents have had the habit on ceremonial occasions of expatiating on the humane and exalted mission of the democracies of the western hemisphere, but it was reserved for President Coolidge at the opening of the Pan-American Conference in Havana to give the superflorid and fatuous expression of the American newer-worldly self-satisfaction. The awed audience learn from his address that the "Great Discoverer [Christopher Columbus] brought with him the seeds of more republics, the promise of greater human freedom [for Mexicans perhaps] than ever crossed the seas." "With him sailed immortal Declarations of Independence and great charters of self-government." "The western hemisphere has not failed in the service which it seemed destined to render to humanity." "Among our republics the main tide of human advancement has steadily been rising." "They have produced a material prosperity greater in amount and more widely distributed than ever before fell to the lot of the human race. The arts and sciences have flourished, devotion to religion is marked by its sincerity. The spirit of liberty is universal, an attitude of peace and good will prevails." The application of the principles of justice and equity to the adjustment of differences "is one of our strongest characteristics." "The sovereignty of small nations is respected." "Among the republics of this hemisphere the principle of human rights has had its broadest application; there political freedom and equality and economic opportunity have made their greatest advance."

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Whenever President Coolidge indulges, as he so frequently does, in these orgies of verbal national or hemispherical complacency, we are reminded of chants in celebration of the superlative virtue of their realm which Chinese Emperors, among other eastern potentates, used to intone. After reading Mr. Coolidge, we can without much imaginative effort listen to the Emperor Chien Lung declaring to King George III of England, "Swaying the whole world I have but one aim in view, namely, to maintain a perfect governance and to fulfill the duties of the state; strange and costly objects do not interest me." "Our dynasty's majestic virtue has penetrated into every country under Heaven, and Kings of all nations have offered their costly tribute by land and sea. As your ambassador can see, we possess all things." In the American, as in the Chinese examples, such massive and sublime feelings of national and of continental self-importance require sacred music for their adequate expression, but unfortunately President Coolidge, at least, is not allowed by the traditions of his office to express himself officially in verse. In the humdrum rhythm of prose, he magnanimously concedes that "we [Americans] do not claim immediate perfection," but we disclaim perfection only to claim the pragmatic glory of being conscious of our imperfections and of our ability to overcome them. What we do expect is "continual progress," and "our history reveals that in such expectations we have not been disappointed." There seems to be only one sufficient explanation of our marvelous success. We must be really the Chosen People. Our goal is nothing less than "complete understanding and friendship." We are too imperturbably noble to "be turned aside by the fears of the timid, the counsels of the ignorant or the designs of the malevolent. With law and charity as our guides, with that ancient faith which is only strengthened when it requires sacrifices, we shall anchor at last in the harbor of justice and truth."

President Coolidge is accustomed to singing hymns of this kind for the benefit of his fellow countrymen, but in addressing an audience of Spanish-Americans, he would have done better to dissemble his consciousness of almost perfect national benevolence. On this occasion he was addressing a group of listeners who, while they like political rhetoric, are thoroughly protected against possible infection from his messianic small-town nationalist propaganda. As his hearers and readers in Spanish-America and elsewhere know only too well, Mr. Coolidge's lavish verbal tribute to the communities of the western hemisphere applied chiefly to his own government and people. The other American communities have not been unusually prosperous. Most of them are unusually poor. They have not ordinarily enjoyed the Anglo-Saxon combination of liberty with order. They have often been governed by dictators, and they have suffered from a weakness in favor of frivolous revolutions. They are only too well aware that many of Mr. Coolidge's masterful fellow countrymen regard them as racial and cultural inferiors, and they regard the United States with fear and awe rather than with confidence and fellow-feeling. In the meantime, they are afraid to challenge its government, and they recognize that its imperialism, whatever its dangerous possibilities, is limited in scope and is handicapped by some conscientious scruples. But, of course, they remain suspicious and watchful. They would like to obtain from the United States definite legal guarantees against intervention. They crave, above all, the legal right to be consulted about so-called Pan-American policy. The President's address, by the contrast between the very unctuousness of its declared virtue and its scrupulous avoidance of specific assurances or encouraging promises, will stimulate rather than disarm Spanish-American wariness and suspicions.

In uttering his noble sentiments, Mr. Coolidge was no doubt perfectly sincere, but his rhetoric will sound to his Spanish-American and European audience as deliberately ambiguous and grievously hypocritical. He talks as if the Central and South American republics were the equals of the United States. But the Pan-American policy of his government ignores this pretended equality. It does not consult their susceptibilities, preferences, ambitions and interests except when convenient. It implies a hegemony in the western hemisphere which its spokesmen disdain to compromise by definition. This affirmation of superiority is, no doubt, in part only the reflection of an obvious fact. Considering the preponderance of power of which the United States disposes and the necessary association in international politics between responsibility and power, the government of the United States is bound to play a more important part in determining Pan-American policy than do the governments of the smaller communities to the south. In this respect, the relation between the United States and the other republics on this hemisphere is analogous to the relation between France or Great Britain and Holland or Switzerland, the difference of international function being recognized in the Constitution of the League. But in America the magnitude of the United States is unique and its eminence lonely. It would be a council of one. No matter whether they like it or not, the future welfare of the other American countries depends largely upon the good intentions and the conduct of their big neighbor to the north. It is peculiarly important, consequently, that the people of these countries should feel confidence in his intellectual honesty. They cannot escape some inequality and subordination, but if the superior power of the United States continues to be justified by lofty but equivocal expressions of political righteousness which may or may not bear any relation to actual policy, the other American states will seek elsewhere for the security which they cannot obtain from such ambiguous assurances.

Our official statesmanship is not as yet ready to

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grant an international constitution to America. It is laboring to keep its hands free from all engagements which limit the scope of its future discretion in dealing with Pan-American questions. Mr. Coolidge in his Havana address warns the Spanish-Americans against expecting the United States to enter on the present occasion into any self-denying engagements. After calling the law "the shield of small nations" and "the refuge of the weak and the oppressed," he refers significantly to "those questions concerning which it is not possible at the present time to lay down a specific rule of law." This means, presumably, that the United States will not permit for the present any interference, as a matter of legal right, with its practice of limited intervention in the affairs of small and disorderly American states. If such is the official policy of the State Department, it can, we presume, be defended by plausible reasons. Why not state them publicly and give the Spanish-Americans an official opportunity to discuss them and to compare the behavior of our government with its professions and its alleged principles? At present the United States exercises a substantially imperial power in this hemisphere. It refuses to place pre-defined limits on this power, and it refuses also to allow the propriety and the consequences of its conduct to become a matter of official public deliberation at Pan-American meetings. Yet through the mouths of spokesmen, such as President Coolidge, it nevertheless declares itself to be "the best God-damned *caballero*" of a government in all the world. Now the Spanish-American states may, if the United States exercises its hegemony with wise self-restraint and with mild benevolence, as it sometimes does and sometimes doesn't, reconcile themselves to its perpetuation, but it will always be irksome to them, and they will always feel the need of some outlet for their irritation and suspicions. The least our government can do, if it declines to acknowledge any limitation on its imperial power in the western hemisphere, is to allow the Pan-American Union to become a forum in which grievances can be aired. And in that event it must cease to pretend to be so much the most benevolent, the most disinterested and the most civilized government which has ever existed in the world.

Thomas Hardy

FOR many reasons the career of Thomas Hardy remains one of the most splendid in English literature. From the rejection of his first manuscript by George Meredith, as reader for Chapman and Hall, in 1869, to the publication of his last poems, was almost sixty years. When he published "Desperate Remedies," in 1871, Hardy became one of a large field led by Dickens and George Eliot, and including Meredith, Trollope, Reade, Bulwer, Kingsley and Blackmore. Within thirty years he was tied for first place with George Meredith. The renunciation of such a position because the public would not agree with the artist as to the limitations of his esthetic creed was in itself unprecedented. Hardy's retirement after "Jude the Obscure" pleaded for the right of the novelist to picture the world as he sees it, more powerfully than another masterpiece could have done. Then for fifteen years Hardy was lost to view in the obscurity of a gigantic undertaking in the rarely attempted form of epic-drama, of which flashes appeared as successive parts of "The Dynasts" were published. Its completion marked the second stage of Hardy's career. Thenceforward Hardy devoted himself to the lyric poetry which, from being tolerantly received as the confusions of youth or the eccentricities of age, grew by persistent achievement into acceptance as a body of verse of a distinction, in its kind, unequalled since Wordsworth. At his death, if not incontestably at the head of English poetry, he was challenged by Masefield alone. If we still thought in terms of hero-worship, we should need a Carlyle to celebrate another Hero as Man of Letters. Never since Chaucer was Westminster Abbey a more fitting symbol of the pride and gratitude of a nation and a race.

If Hardy's fame is chiefly as a novelist, it is because fiction is the characteristic form of literature of our day, that in which the reading public finds, not only its entertainment, but much of its instruction and inspiration. The discovery of the fact that Hardy stood out among the purveyors of fictional goods as possessing an art and a philosophy of his own was made by Mr. Frederick Greenwood, who introduced "Far from the Madding Crowd" to the Cornhill Magazine in 1874. This novel and "The Return of the Native," four years later, established Hardy's reputation, though it was not until the nineties, with "Tess of the D'Urbervilles" and "Jude the Obscure," that he gained his great following in the United States.

In these years Hardy and Meredith served to dramatize contrasting attitudes which had been implicit throughout the nineteenth century—the opposition between the unconscious and the conscious, between instinct and intelligence, between heart and head, which had been formulated by Carlyle and John Stuart Mill. Meredith chose as his field a complex society where men and women are highly self-conscious. Conflict arises among them but it is never hopeless; to both victor and vanquished there is glory. In his world there is nothing great but man; and in man there is nothing great but mind. Evolution seemed to him to have advanced from the physical to the mental, and to promise a final triumph of reason. "Never is earth misread by brain." With Hardy, on the other hand, the figures of Tess and her companion working in the swede field, crawling like flies between the upturned face of earth and the downturned face of sky, typify man's place in nature. Geology and biology only emphasize the brevity and triviality of his career on earth. The discipline of healthful, hopeful combat,

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Hardy's characters are without. Indeed, for the most part, they cannot get near their foes to strike. Their warfare is not with their fellows, but with the forces of the world into which they are born. These reveal themselves in the perversity of individuals and the cruelty of society; and against them intelligence is futile. In one of Hardy's early novels, "A Pair of Blue Eyes," the heroine is caught in a web of mischance from which the intellect of her lover recoils, as does Angel Clare's from Tess' plight. As for Jude Fawley, all that intelligence can do for him is to enable him to write the bitter words from the Book of Job on the outer wall of the Oxford college which represents the system of exclusion.

At one time it was questioned whether the pessimism in Hardy's novels was a personal belief, or an artistic device, a black curtain hung as a background against which the characters detached themselves in pathetic frailty. The publication of his verse settled the doubt. From his youth Hardy shared the view of Schopenhauer of a world governed by sheer will, to which reason can as yet oppose nothing stronger than comment. The argument for Hardy's pessimism as art was strengthened by the fact that in his novels he often attributes to the operations of this immanent will an irony or malice which implies personality. In "The Mayor of Casterbridge," the hero, Henchard, viewing his situation, "could not help thinking that the concatenation of events . . . was the scheme of some sinister intelligence bent on punishing him"; and in "Tess of the D'Urbervilles," the President of the Immortals is spoken of as having ended his sport with Tess. But in Hardy's poems, in which, as in Meredith's, the creed of the novelist comes to clearest utterance, the idea of a conscious, even of a malicious, purpose is definitely excluded. In "Hap," the author exclaims that if a vengeful god had willed his suffering, he could have borne it like Prometheus. The worst is that

> Crass Casualty obstructs the sun and rain
>
> These purblind Doomsters had as readily strown
> Blisses about my pilgrimage as pain.

And in "New Year's Eve" it is God who tells the poet

> My labors-logicless—
> You may explain; not I:
> Sense-sealed I have wrought without a guess
> That I evolved a Consciousness
> To ask for reasons why.

With this creed Hardy wrote his stories of pity and terror. No novels in English have dealt so profoundly with the problems of will and destiny as "The Return of the Native" and "Jude the Obscure"—the former so measured and solemn in sounding the tones of human fate, the latter so tumultuous, like a *symphonie pathétique,* in which the grotesque gives a last terrible distortion to the theme of suffering. It is, perhaps, fortunate that Hardy wrote no more novels after "Jude." Instead, he had the singular fortune to watch for thirty years a new generation finding in his work a greatness which his contemporaries, for the most part, failed to see, and accepting it as a legacy of the thoughtful, earnest, Victorian Age, of which he was the last survivor.

The Price System and the Engineers

IN the dim past of post-war discussion, there appeared a book by Thorstein Veblen entitled, "Engineers and the Price System." If our memory does not fail us concerning that remote period, the thesis of the book was that the engineers were destined to transform the existing order of business. Business men, who had been in control of production and exchange, were interested chiefly in their own profits, and in the enhancement of those profits by the operation of a price system resting upon wasteful processes and scarcity of goods. Engineers, on the other hand, were realists, to whom prices, profits and scarcities were meaningless. They were interested in production, in the elimination of waste, in the improvement of products. Their efforts to make the best and most economical use of materials and man-power would send the price system kiting, to the discomfiture of the old-line business man.

Sad reminiscences of this prophecy were stirred recently by a newspaper headline—"Engineers Oppose Boulder Dam Bill." The American Engineering Council, it appears, has passed a resolution opposing "the expenditure of federal funds for the Boulder Dam project, on the ground that it involves federal ownership and sale of power." The Swing-Johnson Bill, which provides for the construction of this project, was disapproved. There are several striking observations to be made on this event. The American Engineering Council is the august central body of the more important engineering societies. The Boulder Dam project has been carefully investigated and approved, by thoroughly competent engineers, as to its engineering features—that is, its high practical utility for reclamation, flood control and power production, and its feasibility. The expression of the Council was in no sense an engineering judgment. It was economic, political, social. And as a socio-economic judgment, it constituted open and unashamed support of those purely business interests which are seeking to enhance their profits by undisputed control of our limited natural-power resources. In other words, when the price system of the power magnates, resting on quasi-monopoly and scarcity, was

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thought to be threatened by a strictly engineering project conceived in the public interest, the leading spokesmen of the engineers without hesitation plumped for profits and the price system.

There should have been no surprise at this result to those who have been following the work of engineers in connection with public utilities. There are, of course, public-utility engineers who are engaged in designing and operating equipment, in eliminating waste, in technical problems of all sorts. But, as a rule, the highest paid, the most prominent, those of whom the public hears most frequently, have quite a different function. Posing as "engineers," they are really special pleaders for the profits of the business men who control the street-car lines, gas and electric companies, railroads or what not. They appear before regulating commissions and courts with so-called "engineering reports" which are really attempts to value the property of the companies at a higher price than they would otherwise be valued. Such reports often have important economic implications, in that they sustain the principle of valuing the properties in question, as a basis for rate-making, not according to what they actually cost, but according to what it would supposedly cost to reproduce them. The engineers in question seldom think clearly about the economic principles, or the social results of those principles, which they support. One would hardly suppose such adventures in value, price, economics or social policy were an engineering function. Yet there have been occasions when the testimony of engineers hired by the companies has been accepted as valid expert testimony, while the testimony of economists or accountants interested in the public welfare has been excluded.

The indictment naturally cannot be extended to all members of the engineering profession. Those engineers who have stuck to their technical lasts have modified the price system in important sections of trade by substituting an economy of improved products at lower prices on a quantity basis for the old economy of scarcity, as in the automobile industry. The best of the management engineers have a well founded social outlook; there are numerous candid and able men among them who have valiantly defended the public interest, whether or not they were paid to do so. Likewise, it must be admitted that engineers, like other citizens, have a right to express themselves upon matters of public policy, and it is to be expected that their opinions would honestly differ. It is to be expected, too, that prominent members of the engineering profession, like prominent members of other professions, would be engaged at highly remunerative fees to serve the interests of private gain.

All these reservations, however, do not bear upon the phenomenon under discussion. Engineers, in this age of production, have a high prestige with the public. They have been regarded as disinterested experts, whose art was solidly based in science. They flout this reputation when they speak, in their official capacity as experts, about matters which their science and their technique do not qualify them expertly to understand. They prostitute their profession when, in speaking so, they deliberately serve the private interests which can give them the most lucrative employment. If this is true of individual engineers, how much more true is it of the official representatives of the engineering societies, speaking as a corporate body! The informed public may infer from such behavior as the American Engineering Council has just exhibited that the engineers have sold out to the private-power interests, in one of the most significant political controversies of our generation. Sensitive and candid engineers ought to writhe under this sort of misrepresentation of their function and their probity. The continued prestige of the profession will largely depend on whether they do so.

The public will gradually learn that the usual engineer is not an expert in economics, that he is woefully deficient in social outlook. This is partly the result of his education; most engineering schools give their students far less knowledge of the modern social sciences than business schools or academic institutions. It is partly the result of their usual means of earning a livelihood—there are few careers for the engineer outside of serving private business interests, and the engineers who thus become prominent are likely to be those who share most fully the preconceptions of their employers. If there lies within the profession enough wisdom and conscience to be troubled about this situation, it may be improved by more attention to a liberal education, and by attempts to broaden the attitude of the societies. Technical knowledge of the engineering arts is in itself no guarantee of ability to contribute to our civilization anything more than the means of creating more material wealth; but the engineering method, if broadly and candidly applied, might be of inestimable service in the necessary social control of the economic order.

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Charles G. Dawes, Super-Salesman

HE is known to a vast public as the Vice-President who smokes a pipe upside-down, is excessively profane, and uses as his favorite expletive, "Hell and Maria." All three of these statements, by the way, are incorrect: his pipe is merely underslung, outbursts of profanity are reserved for special occasions when he wishes to achieve special results, and the proper form of the expletive is "Helen Maria." To a somewhat smaller public he is known as Chairman of the Dawes Committee, which, at least temporarily, got Europe out of an *impasse*, as director of the first federal budget, as the author of a famous attack on the Senate's rules which has come to nothing, as violinist, pianist and composer. Just now he is conspicuous as one of the two most formidable candidates for the Republican presidential nomination, a fact which justifies our taking another look at him.

I

Charles Gates Dawes was born in Marietta, Ohio, in 1865, and is therefore sixty-three years old. He was the son of General Rufus Dawes, a prosperous lumber dealer and leading citizen of the town. Charles was one of four sons, all of whom have had successful careers. Brother Henry, like himself, has been Comptroller of the Currency of the United States, and was formerly President of the Southwestern Gas and Electric Company and the Pure Oil Company; the stock of the latter was the favorite speculation of the Ohio Gang in its palmy days in Washington. Brother Beman has been a Congressman and, like brother Henry, President of the family oil company, the Pure Oil. Brother Rufus is an important figure in an interminable list of gas and electric companies. Charles, while he has spent most of his time as a banker (he has been closely allied with J. P. Morgan and Company), also says of himself that he has "been in the gas business since 1894."

Charles went through Marietta College, studied at Cincinnati Law School for two years, came home, and took another degree, Master of Arts, in Marietta. Then he turned his face toward the setting sun, as did so many boys of his generation. He spent seven years in Lincoln, Nebraska, where he practised law and began a lifelong friendship with a young army man, detailed as a college instructor in tactics, named Jack Pershing. In 1894, he moved to Chicago and went in for politics seriously. He was McKinley's Illinois manager in the pre-convention campaign of 1896, and introduced marvels of efficiency theretofore unknown. A caller who talked with him during that campaign recalls that, when asked a question about Illinois, the young man (he had just turned thirty) hardly ever replied without first reaching into the index file and looking up the facts as he had them tabulated there. This caution has not been typical of his later days.

II

McKinley paid his political debt by making Dawes Comptroller of the Currency, a post which he filled in capable but undistinguished fashion from 1897 until 1902. He is best remembered as having spent much time in the White House, playing the piano for the invalid wife of the President (he has a real, if minor, talent for music, plays the piano and violin well, has composed several charming melodies, is a heavy supporter of Chicago opera, and has assisted more than one young artist to get a start). During this time, as it happens, he was responsible, accidentally, for Theodore Roosevelt's first presidency. When the Republican convention of 1900 was approaching, strong efforts were made by Mark Hanna and some others to persuade President McKinley to violate tradition and indicate a preference as to his running mate. Dawes opposed this, and in conversations with the President and Hanna urged that the matter be left to the party leaders. Mr. McKinley at last agreed with the Dawes view, and authorized him to make a public statement to that effect, which he did with great promptness, lest the President change his mind. Roosevelt was a nuisance to the New York Republican machine, which was glad to take this opportunity to get rid of him. He took the nomination after some reluctant hesitation, only because he learned that there was strong support for him in the West, where he was still "the hero of San Juan Hill."

III

In 1902, with McKinley dead and Roosevelt in the White House, Dawes resigned as Comptroller and went back to Chicago. He started a little bank, the Central Trust Company, of which he has been president ever since. In twenty-one years it has grown to be a huge and successful institution, and for this those who know give Dawes most of the credit, in so far as the growth is not due to the expansion of the city.

During this period the most important episode in which Dawes figured was the Lorimer bank scandal.

William Lorimer, for many years Republican boss of Illinois, is best known as having been ejected from the United States Senate on a charge of fraudulent election. A man of great personal

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charm, with a remarkable power over those with whom he came in contact, he has nevertheless been from first to last an utterly malevolent figure in American public affairs. He has also been a life-long friend of Charles Gates Dawes. In 1912, Lorimer was chief owner of a national bank in Chicago, which was constantly in trouble with the federal authorities—a fact well known at the time to the whole Chicago banking fraternity. He decided to convert his bank into a state institution under the title, the La Salle Street Trust and Savings Bank. In organizing the bank, he stated that he had a paid-in capital and surplus of $1,250,000, and the state law provided that he must be able to show the bank examiner this sum in cash. Lorimer did not have such an amount of cash available, and so he made an arrangement with Dawes to enable him to get his charter. On October 21, 1912, accompanied by the state bank examiner, Lorimer went to the Central Trust Company, and wrote a check for $1,250,000 against a mythical account. The cashier thereupon handed out to him through the window $1,250,000 in cash. The bank examiner looked at the money, counted it, and handed it back to Lorimer, who returned it to the cashier. Thereupon (presumably not in the presence of the bank examiner) the cashier gave Lorimer his check, which he destroyed. The La-Salle Street Trust and Savings Bank got its state charter. The Central Trust Company got back its $1,250,000. Everything was rosy.

But was it? Two years later, on June 12, 1914, the Lorimer bank failed. Because of a series of "rash" loans to Lorimer himself and to a gentleman named Munday, its assets were less than its liabilities by $2,000,000. A large number of its depositors lost all their money. Another large number of owners of stock in the bank were assessed 100 cents for every dollar of their investment.

The creditors of the bank argued that the Central Trust Company, which had admitted that $1,250,000 of money in its possession belonged to the La Salle Street bank, was legally responsible for that sum, and brought suit. The Central Trust pleaded in court that Charles G. Dawes was solely and personally responsible for the transaction, having put it through without the knowledge or consent of the directors. This did not prevent a court judgment against the Central Trust for $1,487,854.16. The amount was subsequently, through an involved legal process into which it is not necessary to go, reduced to $978,029.11, and then, after ten years of fighting in the courts, to $110,457.51.

John Barton Payne, who was counsel for Dawes, is the only person who has ever come forward publicly to defend this transaction. Mr. Payne says that what Dawes did was a mere technicality, that it has been done by many other bankers, who had better luck than Mr. Dawes in that the institutions they thus assisted did not go on the rocks. Mr. Payne, a prominent Democrat, warned his party not to raise the issue against Dawes in the 1924 campaign. The party complied in a good-natured way, and subsequently got the worst licking of its life. But Mr. Payne ignores several facts: (1) that the Lorimer bank, before the change, had been in trouble for several years, as all Chicago knew; (2) that Lorimer was a powerful politician, in a position to do great favors for Dawes; (3) that Dawes conducted no investigation to see whether the assets of the Lorimer institution which could not be converted into cash for the bank examiner's eyes were in fact equivalent to or in excess of the $1,250,000 he borrowed, so that the depositors and purchasers of stock would have a fair chance of getting their money back.

My own guess is that Dawes was not guilty of *conscious* wrongdoing. Banking in Chicago is still conducted according to the rules of the frontier, which attach little importance to violating the law, and great importance to standing by a friend. Lorimer presumably told Dawes he had assets in excess of a million and a quarter, but that turning them into cash to satisfy a technicality would involve heavy loss. Dawes ignored the past tribulations of the bank, the risk to depositor and stockholder, and broke the law. It was reprehensible; but it satisfied the banking ethics of the old West.

IV

The part of Mr. Dawes' career upon which he probably looks back with most satisfaction is his war experience. He entered the service, after some preliminary tugging at wires, as a Major of Engineers, when the War was just fifty-one days old. He began army life by going to Atlanta, Georgia, in a private car, on board which he lived for some time, at his own expense. Later on, he had his share of such hardships as fell to the higher officers, and bore them manfully, like everybody else. His various steps in rank tell the story of his subsequent achievement briefly:

July, 1917: Lieutenant Colonel
January, 1918: Colonel
October, 1918: Brigadier General

Even before he got to France, he began to be sought as a competent executive, at a time when war work needed all such it could get its hands on. During a visit to Washington to see his old chum Jack Pershing, he met Hoover, of whom he wrote in his diary: "He is an extremely able man. He will succeed if anyone can in such a difficult task as confronts him." After one long luncheon conversation, Hoover did his best to commandeer Dawes as head of the United States Grain Corporation, but the Chicagoan wanted to fight at the front.

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This wish was not granted. Soon after he got to France, Pershing made him Chief of Supply Procurement for the A. E. F. in France. Various departments of the Army were buying for their own requirements, without reference to the needs of other branches. They ran up prices; goods urgently needed by one group went to waste in warehouses of another. Dawes was told to put an end to this, and did so. Soon his practical mind saw that the supply departments of the American, British and French armies should all be similarly coördinated. He proposed this to Pershing in April, 1918, won Black Jack's consent, and then broke his own heart trying to get the plan adopted. British and French high officers and important politicians apparently preferred to slaughter thousands more men, and to come within a hair's breadth of losing the War, rather than sacrifice their precious prestige. When the War was nearly ended, Dawes got a partial consolidation of the Services of Supply. By then Fritz was on the run, and nothing mattered any more.

Those who knew his work best say Dawes did a good job in the War. His incredibly difficult task needed a striking individual who could bully people, plead with them, win their personal loyalty with his charm. These things he did. There were grotesque waste, colossal incompetence, but this was not his fault.

V

The war experience brought him only once into the public view, and this was the first time the people of the country, in general, had heard of him. A congressional committee on War Expenditures put him on the witness stand and started to cross-examine him. And to the amazement of the committee and the joy of newspaper men, who had been yawning over their copy-paper, General Dawes swore! Right there on the witness stand, in the sacred shadow of the sacred Dome, he swore. To be sure, by mule-driver standards it was the mildest of tea-table swearing. It consisted of hell, damn, and Helen Maria. Still, in that sacrosanct atmosphere it was as unexpected and loud as a drunkard's hiccough in a Quaker meeting.

Dawes, of course, did it deliberately. He resented the smelling committee, as seeking to spatter the patriotism of his friends, whom he regarded as good men and good soldiers. He reasoned that only by making his testimony highly picturesque could he get it read by the public. How make it picturesque? Spicy language! It was the trick of a master salesman, intent on peddling his wares despite the opposition of an unfriendly committee. And he got away with it. He broke the heart of the investigators, the back of the investigation. On his side it is to be said that much of the waste in war-time was inevitable, that men who had stopped to count pennies, to festoon themselves with red tape, might have lost the War. On the other side, write down that some deliberate dishonesty on the part of dealers in war supplies probably went undiscovered because General Dawes played the role of squid.

VI

The General's first big post-war job was as director of the first federal budget for President Harding. Here his task was not unlike that he had performed in France. With an inadequate new law at his back, he must persuade a lot of reluctant heads of departments to economize and plan as they had never done before. Whether or not the job could have been done by a quiet, forceful person, without the use of hurrah-boys' methods, it is difficult to say. Dawes used those methods, and launched the federal budget system on what has, on the whole, been a mildly successful career. Just how successful, it is of course impossible to say. The point about government expenditures is not whether they are large or small, but what the people get in return. After the War, it was natural that there should be a great reduction in expenses, accelerated by monetary deflation. These last factors, it might be added, do not apply to Mr. Coolidge's "economy administration," which has spent each year about $200,000,000 more than the preceding twelve months.

Dawes' method of operation, in launching the first budget, smacked of Billy Sunday. It has been described by one present at a meeting of department heads (including cabinet officers) who told Clinton Gilbert about it. As these gentlemen sat in a semi-circle, Dawes would rush over and shake his fist under Secretary Hughes' dignified nose, exclaiming, "You must economize, Mr. Secretary!" Then he would run over to the other interlocutor, Will Hays, and shout, "And you must economize, Mr. Postmaster General!" Then, in the middle and leaping up and down, "We must all economize!"

VII

His next emergence into public view was as head of an organization which even the not unfriendly Boston Transcript described as "American Fascisti": the famous "Minute Men of the Constitution." This organization, born of the General's brain, emerged into public view momentarily in 1923, and then disappeared again and permanently. Its printed statement of aims sounded fair enough; it stood, it said, for

> 1. Respect for law and the Constitution. 2. Opposition to class and religious discriminations. 3. The right of individuals to associate with others to defend, within the law, his [sic] rights, and to advance his

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> economic, social and political interests. 4. The right of a citizen to work without unlawful interference, which is as sacred as the right of a citizen to cease work, irrespective of whether he is or is not a member of a labor or other organization. 5. Loyalty to government above loyalty to any civil or industrial organization working for the interest of special groups or classes.

What this meant in reality was, of course, an attempt to destroy labor unionism and to substitute for it company unionism and the open shop. It was a slightly belated part of the great drive by employers to break the A. F. of L., which was at its height in 1922. "We are entirely non-partisan," the General explained,

> and we shall not hesitate to oppose any politician of any party who shilly shallies and yields to the demands of various aggressive minority organizations in order to obtain votes. Patriotic American citizens can no longer stand idly by while the Republic is undermined by egotistic minorities which point the weapon of their political power at cowardly office holders and office seekers.

Since the General's cannon proved to be a pop-gun with only one pop, we need waste no more time on it, except to say that there is no indication that he has since changed his views.

VII

Another episode of about the same time is the thing by which he is likely to be longest remembered—unless he becomes President of the United States. In 1923 he was made a member of the Commission of Experts appointed to solve, if it could, the reparations muddle which was preventing Europe from getting back on its feet. He was soon elected chairman of the group, which in a few weeks' time came to be known as the Dawes Commission; and the plan which it produced, which was put into effect, is now universally labelled the "Dawes Plan."

On the whole, this was a good plan, at the time and under the circumstances. The great majority of experts do not believe it is workable, on a permanent basis; and probably most of my readers will agree that since it is based on the myth, now discarded by all sensible people in all countries, that Germany was solely guilty of the War, it ought not to work. But in 1923, people were not ready for any revision of the treaties of 1919 on a basis of justice, as they are probably not yet ready even now. The Dawes Plan gave Europe a badly needed breathing spell. It eased down the relations between France and Germany, which were in a condition of such strain as to cause the gravest apprehension. It made possible a loan to Germany which secured the reëstablishment of her currency and credit. It put on her only the burden of setting aside the sums needed for reparation payments (a burden made comparatively unimportant by continued large foreign loans), and on the Allies the task of getting these payments out of Germany without upsetting the value of the mark.

How much did General Dawes have to do with working out this ingenious scheme? It is the fashion of unfriendly critics to say that he had nothing whatever to do with it; that the plan itself came from British sources, and that he was merely a figure-head. The second of these three statements is probably true; but the accusation that he was only a figurehead seems unfairly harsh. Dawes, according to the testimony of his associates, played an important part in the negotiations of the Committee. He was the super-salesman who put the Plan over with the suspicious, hostile publics of several countries. Owen D. Young, chairman of the board of the General Electric Company, was a member of the Dawes Committee. He has this to say of the usefulness of the Committee's chairman:

> The installation speech of General Dawes which was published in full in the newspapers of all the principal countries of the world, created at once a change in the public opinion of Europe. His directness, his clearness, his determination and his courage suddenly dispelled despair and doubt and gave hope and confidence to the masses of people of Europe and a feeling of pride to the people of America. . . . In the language of the advertiser, a "consumer demand" was built up for the Dawes report before anybody knew what it was to be and before a line of it had been put on paper. General Dawes was the Sales Department of our concern. In that department he had no assistants or associates, and he needed none.

This is strong language, perhaps subject to discount on the score of personal feeling. But there is no doubt that on the whole it is correct.

IX

In 1924 came the presidential campaign. Dawes, a last-minute choice for the tail of the ticket, accepted his nomination with a good grace, and bore the heat and burden of the day. While President Coolidge stayed at home and kept still, he raged up and down the land making speeches. His campaign had only one characteristic worthy of mention: the assiduous spreading of cruel falsehoods regarding Senator La Follette and the latter's candidacy. The Democrats Dawes almost entirely ignored, probably on the correct assumption that they had destroyed themselves, for 1924, by the civil war between Smith and McAdoo. He publicly pretended that the mild progressivism of the La Follette campaign was the reddest of red Bolshevism. The violence of his denunciation was only equalled by the gentleness with which he reproved

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such an organization as the Ku Klux Klan. It is true that he has long exhibited an hysterical fear of radicalism, which ill comports with his reputation for practicality and common sense; but it is impossible to believe that even such hysteria could explain his performance. It can only be called, in my opinion, insincere and thoroughly discreditable.

X

The General's next public appearance is in the role of a violator of Washington etiquette. When the Vice-President is inducted into office, the event is supposed to be practically surreptitious, in order not to detract from the glory of the President. But General Dawes chose to break this rule. He made his inauguration as presiding officer for the Senate the occasion for a ferocious assault upon that body. The bewildered ears of the grave and reverend law-makers of the Upper House heard the newly-hatched Vice-President announce that their rules of debate were all wrong, and that he, Dawes, proposed to correct them. Next day's newspapers recorded that he "shook his forefinger and pounded the desk." They also carried the bitter comment of the outraged Senators, not one of whom had a kind word to say for their new presiding officer.

The great campaign for reform of the Senate is still so recent that it need not be recalled in detail here, particularly since it has been a complete, unmitigated failure. Its chief point was that a limitation must be put upon debate. On the General's side it must be said that unlimited debate is sometimes a crying evil; the only thing worse, in the long run, is arbitrary limitation such as he proposed, which would inevitably become an instrument for the suppression of minority opinion.

The reformation of the Senate was the last on his list of major crusades. Since its failure, he has presided over the most deliberate deliberative body in the world with what patience he could muster. His kindnesses to them have made the Senate page boys, we are told, his sworn allies. His self-effacement was perhaps aided by a humiliating incident only a few days after he had been inducted into office, when he took a nap and thereby failed to be in the Senate to cast the decisive vote confirming the nomination of Charles Beecher Warren as Attorney General.

XI

When General Dawes has been conspicuously successful—which, in my reckoning, is in about 30 percent of his major undertakings—it has chiefly been because of his personal charm, his ability to make and hold friends. He is as far as possible from fulfilling the popular conception of a banker as a cold thinking machine. He is impulsive, moves by hunches, and is quick to change his mind, always within the limits of his rigidly conservative philosophy. He demands the limelight and is singularly insensitive as to how he gets it. Despite the fact that he has always been a member of the upper middle class, he has done ten times as many conspicuously *gauche* things in society as, for instance, has Alfred E. Smith; and in some of these cases it is difficult to believe that he has not done them deliberately, in order to attract attention.

It is impossible to imagine Dawes standing out against his associates in support of a lost cause, merely because he believed it to be just. While he evidently thinks of himself as something of a conservative Roosevelt, his record gives no evidence that he would go "off the reservation" in regard to any important matter, as Roosevelt did in his first administration. As President, Dawes would still be a banker, and most unlikely to take any steps which the banking community in general would disapprove. On the other hand, he is not a politician in the ordinary sense. Whatever may have been true in his youthful days as McKinley's Illinois manager, this generation of politicians does not like him, and he does not like them. He got on amiably enough with the members of the Ohio Gang, and has never denied the story, many times repeated, that he supplied many of the market tips for their speculations; but there is no suggestion that he was personally involved in any of their disreputable transactions, and no one need fear that if he should be elevated to the White House we should see another Harding episode.

What we should see would be a business man's government, strongly inimical to organized labor, ultra-conservative on domestic issues, about the same in regard to international questions as the Coolidge regime. As a lifelong public-utility man, Dawes would use his influence against public ownership, or drastic public control, of electric power systems. It seems altogether likely that he would be reactionary on Muscle Shoals, Boulder Dam, and similar projects. Despite the fact that he is advertised as being Lowden's *alter ego,* and a spokesman from the Middle West, I can find no evidence that he has much actual sympathy with the predicament of the farmers, or would be prepared to violate his general conservative philosophy on their behalf. He would be much more active in furthering his beliefs than is Mr. Coolidge, whose whole scheme of life is to take no action of any sort until it is inescapable. With the General in the White House, it would be an exciting and colorful four years; and I earnestly hope that, if the Republican convention seems on the point of nominating Mr. Dawes, someone will start a successful stampede to force a third term on Mr. Coolidge.

BRUCE BLIVEN.

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God's Englishmen in India

ONE has the impression that the events of November have settled the relations between India and her British rulers for many a year to come. An observer who studied them as an essay in the technique of imperialism might record his amused, if somewhat cynical admiration for the whole performance. Two dangers threaten the direct rule of the British in India. One is recent: the other, in one degree or another, has existed since the Mutiny, which now lies three generations behind us. The new danger comes from the Labor party: the old danger from the Indians themselves. With the internal menace these skilled artists have coped with complete success. One hesitates as yet to measure the risk of serious trouble in India itself, but I think it probable that these experienced managers of men may be right in estimating it lightly. Angers, boycotts, demonstrations there certainly will be, but the rule of the King-Emperor has survived such storms before: it may survive many more. Of these storms the old Anglo-Indian pilots are not afraid: these seas are charted. But the Socialist peril seemed alarming, for it was novel. They have faced it, and overcome it with surprising ease.

The problem which confronted Lord Birkenhead and the Anglo-Indian bureaucracy centered in the inevitable revision of the constitution. The reform scheme which Mr. Montagu and Lord Chelmsford devised, shortly after the War, was provisional and experimental. The act which embodied it provided for its revision in the light of experience, for its authors regarded it as a step toward self-government, which must be followed by others. It provided that after an interval of ten years, that is to say, in 1929, a commission should be appointed to study the working of the scheme, and to draft proposals for a further advance. The scheme never worked well, and was no more popular with the bureaucracy than it was with Indians. Large changes were unavoidable, and Indians had incessantly argued that the commission should be appointed, or some alternative procedure adopted, long before 1929. To these appeals every British government had been deaf. But as the years of Mr. Baldwin's administration went on, far-seeing men had to reckon with a new danger. It is probable, or at least, possible, that a Labor administration will succeed it. Imperialists, especially if they have lived most of their lives in India, might well feel alarm. They had occasionally found even Liberals troublesome, but what would these new men do—men who profess to believe in India's right of self-determination, men who look on Indian trade-unionists as "comrades," men who were capable of recognizing Moscow? Accordingly, Lord Birkenhead took a bold decision. He decided to anticipate dates and appoint the commission himself. This would have the appearance of liberality. It would suggest his own readiness to contemplate ample and timely reforms. It might placate the Indians, who were in a comparatively depressed and modest mood. But, above all, it would save the Empire from the Socialists. For by every precedent, the report of this commission would lose none of its authority, if the Tory administration should fall. A Labor government would be bound by the custom of British political life to accept its report as the basis of its own legislation.

The strategy was simple but masterly, and in detail it was well executed. To appoint a mainly Tory commission would have been a mistake: the rank and file of the Labor party might have rebelled. The Liberals exist for such emergencies. And so Lord Birkenhead chose Sir John Simon as chairman of his commission, and made it reasonably certain, by choosing much less capable men as his colleagues, that the report will reflect the cold and cautious temperament of this very able Liberal lawyer. Lord Birkenhead excluded Indians from his commission, and, to make this exclusion plausible, he appointed only members of the two Houses of Parliament. From first to last he took the precaution of consulting Mr. MacDonald as to the scope and composition of his commission. In this way the continuity of imperial policy was assured. The Labor leader had assented to the plan of the commission: he had nominated two ex-Ministers to serve upon it: he would be bound, if he should be Prime Minister when it reports, to act upon its recommendations. The ordinary procedure of our parliamentary tradition proved itself adequate. The uncomfortable doctrines of the Socialist opposition were sterilized. The Empire would suffer nothing from the substitution of Labor for Liberalism as the alternative administration.

From Mr. MacDonald's standpoint this arrangement was probably welcome. His outlook on imperial questions is one of extreme caution. His handling of India and Egypt, while he held office, did not differ from Conservative practice. He took no steps to advance reform, and sanctioned a repressive ordinance in Bengal. But his party has its traditions. If he had had to nominate the commission, he would have found it difficult to exclude Indians, nor could he easily have ignored the claims of the abler and more advanced members of his own party. A commission which included such elements would have produced a

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radical report. With Sir John Simon he felt himself safe.

These arrangements were made many months ago, but in August the news reached India unofficially, and Mr. MacDonald's embarrassments began. Indian nationalism was at a low ebb. Mahatma Gandhi's movement of non-coöperation had miserably failed. The Hindu majority was deeply divided over tactics. The feud between Moslems and Hindus raged with unusual bitterness, and bloody riots were of almost daily occurrence. But even amid the depression and disillusionment, the news that no Indian was included in the Reform Commission came as a staggering blow. For half a century it has been usual to include one or two Indians, however tame and moderate they might be, in all commissions of inquiry. To exclude them from a commission of this importance seemed a gross and deliberate insult. The nationalist press replied to the challenge with fiery indignation, and even at this early stage declared that self-respecting Indians would boycott the commission. It was not until November that the Viceroy, in a most tactless statement, endeavored to calm the storm. He explained that the Indian Legislature might appoint its own committee, which could draft its own proposals for constitutional reform, that this committee might hold some joint sittings with the British commission, and finally that, after the commission had presented its report to Parliament, the Indian committee might attend the sittings of the parliamentary committee in London to present its criticisms of the commission's plan. These offers made no impression whatever on Indian opinion. The insult was not wiped out, and the majority persisted in its determination to boycott the commission.

Echoes of this storm reached the Labor party. It values the confidence of the Indian people, and it realized that it was now in Indian eyes as suspect as the Tory party. Could it approve a plan which Indians regarded as an insult, and persist in an inquiry which Indians were determined to boycott? There was much uneasiness, and for a time the more advanced section of the party argued that the two members of the Labor party, who sat with five Liberals and Conservatives on the commission, should be withdrawn. In the end, after hot and prolonged discussion, a compromise was suggested. Indians might reasonably object to a plan which left Englishmen the sole judges of their needs, and of their fitness to govern themselves. But the Indian committee, if it could not reach full agreement with the British commission, might be authorized to present a separate report of its own to Parliament, which should take equal rank with that of the commission. In this way, at least a show of equality would be preserved. Subject to this condition, the party authorized its leader to support the government. Unfortunately the condition was sharply, and even contemptuously, rejected by Lord Birkenhead. The government would not tolerate two reports. The Labor party had made its little demonstration: its conscience was satisfied, and in the formal debate it sat (with the exception of Colonel Wedgwood) silent and content, while its leader supported the government without reservations. The scene may come to rank among the most significant in the history of our Parliament. Faced with an unusually passionate outburst of Indian discontent, the representatives of the British nation affirmed their solidarity. A rare harmony prevailed in these debates, and Mr. Baldwin fitly concluded this all but unanimous assertion of imperialism, by quoting Milton's boast about "God's Englishmen."

The Indians, I think, were right in refusing to regard their exclusion from the commission as a mere formality. It was not a necessary consequence of the legal sovereignty of Parliament. That could not preclude Parliament from inviting and acting upon Indian advice. The most important commission of inquiry in recent years, the Samuel Commission, which reported on the coal crisis, contained not a single member of Parliament. The real reason was frankly stated by Lord Birkenhead, when he asserted that we are the "trustees" for India, who must decide for ourselves how far she is fitted for self-government. The commission he described as a "jury," which must investigate the capacity of Indians for further responsibility. Indians very naturally find this claim even more offensive than the franker and more brutal type of imperialism. They know that we went to India for purposes of trade. They understand that a hundred considerations of power, prestige and material interest prompt us to prolong our direct rule. No jury of average Englishmen can judge impartially either the capacity of Indians for self-government, or the merits and failings of our rule. This claim in the mouth of a Conservative statesman is a commonplace, but it was a notable event in history that a professedly Socialist opposition should support it. Self-determination is a doctrine which has its uses only when it is expedient to break up other people's empires.

The other reason which both Lord Birkenhead and Mr. MacDonald advanced for the exclusion of Indians was no less significant. They argued that the varieties of Indian opinion are so numerous and important that, if they were to be fairly represented, the commission must have been swollen to an unwieldy size, and could not reach a unanimous conclusion. This is, I think, an exaggeration, but it is impossible to ignore the dissensions which have separated Hindus from Moslems, since the collapse of Mahatma Gandhi's reconciling influence. In this exaggeration, imperialism reveals its habitual technique. It is, I am

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sure, untrue to say, as most Indians do, that the bureaucracy consciously encourages these disastrous religious feuds. But, consciously or subconsciously, it relies on this religious feud to prolong its own direct rule. A foreign power which is always ready to hear—of course, with strict impartiality—the complaints of the Moslem minority against the Hindu majority, delays the formation of an Indian nation. It is a remarkable but intelligible fact that these feuds do not rage, and do not lead to bloody riots, in the native states. The device by which the Moslems are separated from the Hindus for electoral purposes may have been intended to protect the minority from injustice. In fact, it has tended to deepen the feud. For, since Moslems vote always as Moslems, and Hindus always as Hindus, they remain in separate camps, conduct their politics on a religious basis, and tend to elect the more fanatical leaders. The more we insist that it is our chief duty to protect minorities, the more loudly do we proclaim ourselves indispensable.

One might have supposed that the British government would have been disturbed by the discovery that Indians are so deeply affronted by its proposals for this inquiry that they refuse to recognize it, even by giving evidence before it. Its view of the importance of minorities explains its remarkable calm. For it is probable that the attempt to boycott the commission will accentuate these divisions. The Hindu majority will certainly ignore the commission, and may organize a *hartal* (the oriental equivalent of a general strike) when it lands in India, as it did when the Prince of Wales arrived. But the Moslems are by no means unanimous in their support of this policy, and it is possible and even probable that they will decide to put their case before the commission. In that event, the partial boycott will only confirm the orthodox British view that Indian dissensions can never be eradicated, and the desired conclusion, that our direct rule must continue, will follow by the most natural sequence of thought. From a commission which goes to work in this atmosphere, no bold or radical proposals can be expected. It must propose some amendment of the present chaotic constitution, but it is unlikely that it will break down the wall which separates Moslems from Hindus, or surrender the control of finance, which, in spite of all concessions, leaves to the bureaucracy the direct rule over India.

The future is hard to foretell. It is conceivable that this challenge to India's self-respect may again revive the militant nationalism of the early post-war years, and unite the whole nation once more in a movement of passive resistance, which would be extremely embarrassing to India's white rulers. It is also possible that the present dissensions will persist for a generation until the progress of rationalist thinking undermines the religious prejudices of a people, "drunken" (to use Spinoza's phrase) "with God." Or, again, a victory in China, with Nationalism in alliance with Moscow, may one day sound the trumpet-call for revolution. These are remote and hidden possibilities. For the present it is possible and even probable that our imperialists have acted shrewdly. They count on India's divisions to prolong their rule. The new fact is that India must rely solely on herself. The British Labor party has taken its stand for imperialism. H. N. BRAILSFORD.

Poor Creature, Come—

Poor creature, come!
I should think shame to be afraid
Of what the waters and the winds have made
Flesh of a mortal man, lately my fellow:
Although the starving waves have stained you sallow
Or salty blue, indeed I shall not care,
Nor wonder at the seaweed in your hair,
Nor if your eyes be blind:
I swear I shall not mind
Such trifles, nor unkindly turn away
If I should find my shift dripping with spray.
Come, ghost, and lay
Your head upon my heart; you have come home.
Have cruel fishes made your kisses dumb?
You must not weep, my dear; 'tis bitter harm
They've done you, but the coverlid is warm,
And pity, softer than a feather bed,
Is comfortably spread
To soothe your body which the sea has broken;
Come, 'tis the truth I've spoken.
In this small cottage all the crying latches
Have told of you, and seawater in patches
Upon the stairs preserves the very print
Of your lost step; my pillows hold the dint
Of your cold, aching, and bewildered skull:
I'll never ask if you were beautiful
In life, or straight and slender:
Come, let me render
As tenderly as my desires can
Peace to the shattered image of a man.
In this small cottage you and I alone
Move among wood and stone
And senseless things, and I alone am living,
Young, and unwounded; will you be forgiving
Of that unequal wrong
Which murdered you, and left me whole and strong?
It is some sad mistake;
Come, ghost, and take
The little warmth of my more vital limbs:
No creature flies or swims
Which can dismay my heart; you have come home.
I never was afraid of any ghost;
Dear love, you are not lost;
Nay, do not shiver; do not ever doubt.
Now blow the candle out;
Come to my bed;
I shall not be afraid.

ELINOR WYLIE.

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Washington Notes

THROUGH the pall of presidential politics that hangs thickly over this session of Congress and is beginning now to fog up the country generally, several pathetic figures protrude. To me there are few more painful things than the quadrennial sight of the well meaning political mediocrities so infected with the poison of presidential ambition that it is impossible for them to see clearly their political disability. Blurred of vision, bemussed in mind, they are unable to avoid making of themselves a more or less pitiable spectacle. More than that—they add to the sum total of human unhappiness by needlessly generating bile and bitterness, by the inevitable gulping of large doses of disappointment themselves and the spreading of mortification and embarrassment among such friends, relations, retainers and dependents as happen to be theirs.

They are an inevitable product of the presidential year. Casting the mind's eye back along the trail of political history, one sees it cluttered up with the bleached bones of blighted and embittered White House aspirants, whose total loss of perspective, utter absence of humor and all sense of proportion made misery their portion and the jeers and gibes of the unfeeling the net result of months of stress, strain and suffering. Of course, every man is entitled to his chance at the presidency, and it is by no means either a ridiculous or pathetic thing when a politician edges into the game, draws cards and loses. Where the trouble comes is that it is apparently impossible for this to be done by the third- and fourth-string players without very firmly acquiring the dual conviction, not only that they are bound to rake in the pot, but that, by all the laws of God and man, they are entitled to it. And usually it is those with the thinnest claims and the smallest chance who hold these convictions most strongly.

The truth is that these men are not really normal, but highly abnormal, not sane, but sick. They have fallen violently in love with a beautiful idea about themselves that makes them just as irrational and just as dizzy as falling in love with a chorus girl or absorbing too many cocktails before dinner—only more so. In every campaign and in both parties we have this class of candidates, sometimes more, sometimes less. Sometimes they keep under cover and the absurdity of their yearnings is known only to the initiate, a public display of the poverty of their pretensions being mercifully avoided. But often they get out in the open and make what can only be described as a holy show of themselves. In this campaign there are on the Republican side of the fence, it seems to me, more than the usual number of these unfortunates; and it is, in view of the statements made above, both interesting and illuminating that the two who are conceded the smallest chance of success, are the farthest removed from availability, most remote from popular sentiment and have the least in their records to cheer about, should be the only open, ardent, avowed and aggressive candidates in the field.

One of these, of course, is the heavy-footed Willis of Ohio, with his broad bosom, bull neck and hog-calling voice. The other is the aged and usually placid Curtis of Kansas, whose heretofore level political head and calm if not deep mind, have made him seem about the last man in the Senate to be swept off his feet by White House dreams. It really is absurd, and yet the fact is that at this moment each of these men seriously entertains the notion, not only that he is a formidable factor in the situation, but that the prospects of his nomination are better than 50 percent, that the odds are with him, that it would not only be terrible party judgment, but absolutely unjustifiable treatment, to turn him down. There have not, I believe, been more pronounced cases of blurred vision than these in a long while. The fact is that no serious person has the least idea that either Willis or Curtis will figure as an available, even should the efficient Herbert, now far in the lead, through some unexpected awkwardness fall flat on his rock-bound features. Yet here they are—the only open aspirants in the field—taking themselves and their prospects with the utmost seriousness and solemnity. With the odds one to a hundred against them, the fever in their blood has induced a state of mind where each believes himself better than an even bet. It seems incredible, but it is true.

For this to happen to Willis is not so surprising. He is exactly the type to take himself seriously in spite of the utter absence of sentiment for him even in Ohio. But for Charlie Curtis, with his long and exceedingly practical political experience and ripe judgment—for him to blossom out at the advanced age of sixty-eight—not only older than any other aspirant in either party, but, if he should be elected, older than any other man who ever held the office since the Republic started—as old as William Henry Harrison when he died—for Charlie Curtis in 1928 to become a serious presidential aspirant, simply—as the flappers say—sinks me. At first I thought that all he really had in mind was to pull the old favorite-son stuff in order to put himself in position to deal on the vice-presidential nomination—and even that, it seemed to me, was stretching the thing just a little for Charlie, who, as I have pointed out once or twice before, has been no blazing star as a Senate floor leader. He did, however, want that vice-presidential nomination in 1924 at Cleveland, and would have got it too, but for the veto of the canny Calvin, who craftily calculated that the occasion required a stronger man than Curtis—one who could on the stump give and take a real wallop. The idea of Charlie giving or exchanging wallops is slightly amusing to those who know his mole-like methods in politics and the easy comfortable routine campaigns he conducts in Kansas.

Still, as I say, I thought his was the favorite-son approach to the second place on the ticket, and it is rather a shock to be told by those who unquestionably know his mind and are neither bluffing nor spoofing, that he has no idea of the vice-presidency this time, that it is simply not possible to take anything more seriously than he takes his presidential candidacy, that he is absolutely sure his alliances and friendships within other organization bodies will result in his nomination. If and when, they say, he is finally forced in the convention to relinquish this belief, he is going to be, in his stoical Kaw way, a very deeply disappointed man. It really is a great pity, and I am sincerely sorry—not for Willis, because he is just a pre-

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posterously inflated Anti-Saloon League satellite, with the fine insensitiveness of the Ohio politico-evangelical breed—but for Senator Curtis, who here, in the twilight of a long political career, yields to an infection from which he was supposed to be immune, and who will probably never be the same—for him I am really sorry.

Of course, the trouble with both of them—Willis and Curtis—is 1920. When the nomination of Harding is recalled and reviewed, it is not to be wondered at that any politician in the Republican party above the grade of a one-term Congressman should cherish the idea that the presidential lightning might strike him in the national convention of his party, regardless of the lack of record, ideas, qualities and demand. And when on top of Harding there is also Coolidge—a Coolidge whom they knew in the Senate as a mouse, transformed by propaganda—so far as the public is concerned—into a man—when that is considered, it is not only surprising, but it is entirely natural. The great oversight of the Willises and the Curtises—the thing they would see quickly enough if they were not sick, the point that to Curtis, at least, would be crystal clear were he his customary cool Kansan self, is that the Harding sort of nomination cannot be repeated in eight years. It will be, every party leader not in the candidatorial class himself concedes, many a campaign before the Republican party can put over another such three-o'clock-in-the-morning-hotel-room selection—if ever. Certainly that sort of thing cannot be done twice in one generation. Yet that is exactly what these two avowed and earnest Republican candidates count on, this time. Without platforms, policies, records or reasons, with nothing in the world but their individual desire, they naïvely and with their faces straight offer themselves to the country for President. Hoover, Lowden and Dawes, they reason, will kill each other off, with Mr. Mellon, Mr. Vare and Mr. Hilles holding the balance of power. "Then," thinks Willis, "they will turn to me because I am from Ohio and they must have a man who can carry Ohio." "Then," thinks Curtis, "they will turn to me because I am not only the friend of the Old Guard leaders, but I am actually one of them." They are sick, poor fellows, very sick indeed—and I fear will be sicker still before July.

T. R. B.

Washington.

Dilations

Marco Millions, by Eugene O'Neill. The Theater Guild. January 9, 1927.

Paris Bound, by Philip Barry. The Music Box. January 9, 1927.

THE highest point in "Marco Millions" is reached in the scene where the three Venetians arrive at the court of the Great Kaan, who has sent to the Pope of the West for a hundred wise men to debate with his own philosophers and receives instead these business men with a message that there are no wise men to be had. Marco Polo is the spokesman. This confident, cocksure, ready-made, courageous young Rotarian, full of platitudes and enterprise and naïve conceptions of a world where he intends to be successful, will serve the Kaan's studious purposes, and if Marco learns nothing himself, he can at least become a fruitful study. The Kaan gives him authority, a chance to show himself in the kingdom, full exercise of his nature and of his busy, simple-minded energy.

In this scene the portraits of the three newcomers and of the Kaan and his sage, Chu-Yin, the dialogue and motivation, ending with the tittering of the court over this self-confident and engaging curiosity who speaks in their midst, are all admirable. The beginning of an extraordinary drama is in the air. It is a drama, however, that will require, if it is to keep up and see itself through, the greatest intellectual regulation and proportion. There will have to be a massing of the emphasis to solidify the design and to keep the satire from being monotonous and blurred. The satirical idea itself—this Babbitt confronted with the elevation and mystery and beauty of the East and true to his own Babbittry—is not an astonishing one, though it should be said that four years ago when the play was written, this idea had more novelty and sting, and that since then its impact has been greatly modified, its fangs drawn, by an almost proverbial familiarity—such is the disadvantage that works for the theater suffer as compared with printed books. Only intellectual distinction could move this conception, as thinking, into any first-rate value. Only an ultimate technical design could turn it, granting the lack of any first-rate value in idea, into a distinguished drama.

I will not say that I felt that either of these things happened for me with "Marco Millions." I heard beautiful lines in almost every scene, and sometimes fine passages, now and then among the lyric speeches, but more often among the philosophic. I admired the range and variety of feeling, the extension of the material that our drama may include, the echo of thought and spiritual disturbance, the courage of the pattern attempted, the poetry now and then and now and then the wit, as when Marco Polo, newly returned from ruining a city by regulating it to boredom and efficiency, stands saying popular platitudes to the crowd and patting the bronze head of the ancient god of the male principle. But the satire grew too familiar long before the play was ended; I kept wishing that its impressiveness might be enhanced by more concentration of attack instead of the rather unvaried accent over all parts of the field; I felt too often the lack of an engaging delineation in the design, in the structure that the dramatist has built up from those satiric and poetic elements that make up the substance of the play.

The story of "Marco Millions" begins with three travelers, all of whom find the tree that shades them from the sun an embodiment of their special divinity; they are about to fight about it when a cart appears drawn by exhausted men; it carries the body of the Princess Kukachin, who has died for love of Marco Polo and bitter despair at his empty, barren soul. We cut back then to Venice, the young Marco at his sweetheart's window, the plan to seek his fortunes in the East; we see the Papal Legate's palace in Syria, the Kaan's court at length, the greed of the three Polos, their sterility, simplicity and assurance, the love of the princess for Marco, her voyage in his care

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to be the queen of Persia, Marco's return to Venice, as the Kaan sees it in his crystal, and finally the princess' funeral.

The production that the Theater Guild has expended on "Marco Millions" is munificent throughout. The treatment is unfailingly generous, enthusiastic and rich. Mr. Lee Simonson's settings have details of beauty, moments and passages of fine color and invention: in the Kaan's chambers, for instance, or, what is better still, the scene where the ship is about to sail, the best in the nine designs. None of these designs had, I think, any distinction or finality of taste, or any great creative dramatic values; but they are not unworthy of the play as it stands.

The costumes varied from magnificence—the Kaan's, for instance—to some fairly hopeless mediocrities: the dress of the Persian Kaan, say, or, much worse, those satin-clad maidens who took away even what style there might have been to the funeral scene. Mr. Mamoulian's directing seemed most adequate, we may even say very expert, granted the failure throughout the production in all respects to decide on any marked style—all through "Marco Millions" there was a strong need for a more distinct or defined stylization, whatever style might have been decided on.

The general run of the performance was fair. In his first scene, where the Kaan's speeches and motivations are so very fine, I thought Mr. Baliol Holloway was going to give a magnificent performance; but as the human pathos of the role increased, Mr. Holloway's playing grew less satisfactory, till his last speeches over the beloved princess' body fell quite empty and flat, and left what ought to have been a moving instant only a phase of mouthing. It was just this genuineness of pathos and emotion that Miss Margalo Gillmore unfailingly secured. Her performance had no style and by no means achieved the beautiful, still removal of the role and its dramatic motive—the foil of the crass Marco—but it at least carried over the footlights the needed human pathos. Mr. Alfred Lunt's Marco seemed tired and lacking in variety of attack. Far and away beyond all the other playing in the company was Mr. Dudley Digges' sage. In it the emotional weight was right and the intellectual motive was given its due value. There was not a trace of platitude—almost inevitable in such roles—in the actor's conception; the right delicate and remote feeling, the right authority and character were always achieved; and there was always exactly the right relation to the rest of the scene and the dramatic idea.

Mr. Philip Barry's comedy at the Music Box seems to me to stretch the scope of our theater in a direction quite as much needed just now as that extension in variety of feeling that "Marco Millions" affords. So far as I can see, "Paris Bound" is the best example to be had of that freshening in subject-matter and speech that we need so badly, of that really adequate creation on the stage of people such as most of us know in life, a certain lovable and alive society, ideas and sentiments that come to us as warm and recognizable, emotions that are close to us, instead of mere arbitrary and familiar stage matter, or of what passes as rough-and-ready American.

"Paris Bound" takes its theme out of the lives of two young married people. One of them is for once unfaithful and the other on the point of being so, but they survive in the end through a certain happy devotion and common sense. The company is passable enough; out of them the work of Miss Madge Kennedy steadily gains as the play goes on; Mr. Donald MacDonald is excellent as the young composer, and Miss Hope Williams comes out as something like a star in a fat part, a portrait, very happily written, of a sensible, droll, prose young American lady.

The palms, however, are all Mr. Barry's. This is the promise seen always in his former writing, though hitherto uncertainly projected, taking the work as a whole, into sustained theatrical terms. In "Paris Bound" this sustained theatrical creation happens. It is a comedy that is charmingly and often movingly written, that has a good substantial texture, and that, more than any comedy in English that I can think of in years, resolves its final comic surprise, its conclusion, with genuine invention and tenderness.

STARK YOUNG.

The Jew

AFTER Aarons left the office we all felt much better. Not that Aarons was a bad sort. On the contrary, we all liked him quite a lot, even though he was a Jew. Yet somehow we felt relieved when one day, out of a clear sky, Aarons rose from his desk and, slamming a drawer shut with such a bang we all jumped in our chairs, said:

"I'm through."

Then he took his hat and coat, and without saying goodbye to anybody closed the door behind him.

We were all so surprised nobody even thought of asking Aarons where he was going. We simply sat there staring at each other. It was so still in the office you could hear the clock on Mr. Mold's desk ticking away patiently.

Suddenly we all began talking and laughing at once. We actually became hilarious and laughed at each other's remarks, as if everything that was said was unbearably funny.

"The crazy Jew," Mr. Mold said, his mouth still open in amazement, "now what do you suppose has bitten him?"

"Oh, Lord," gasped Miss Childe, throwing up her hands and leaning back in her chair so that her skirts came up way over her knees, "that's the richest yet."

As for Mr. Nash, he was beside himself. Taking a handful of papers from his wastebasket, he hurled them into the air and cried:

"Hurrah for Aarons! There's one Jew less in the company."

It was as if a load had suddenly dropped from our shoulders. The very atmosphere of the office seemed lighter now, and when we returned to our typewriters we all felt unusually elated. Nothing so remarkable had happened in the office for years.

When you come right down to it, I guess we didn't like Aarons so much, after all. He was a strange yid; we could never make him out.

I suppose Aarons was what you might call a red. I mean he was a born trouble-maker. Before he came to the office, we all got along together fine. As members of the editorial bureau, we felt that we were important

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factors in the company. After all, it was we who presented the company to the public; it was we who wrote the bosses' speeches for them. In our way, we were, as the vice-president—commercial relations—once said to us in conference, artists.

As soon as Aarons came, all that went by the board. What I mean is, he made us all feel kind of foolish, and before we knew what had happened we were all playing up to him. It wasn't any one thing in particular that he did. I guess it was just the fact that he was among us upset the whole morale of the office. We began to make fun of our work. We would read aloud to each other the most serious parts of a speech or an article we were preparing, just to get a laugh.

"How's that for the bunk?" we would say, winking to one another or sticking our tongue in our cheek and pulling a sly face.

Now I ask you, is that right? It seems to me a fellow owes something to the company that's hiring him. Deuce take it, if we don't like our jobs we know what we can do. A man's got to feel some respect for himself and his work. Aarons robbed us of our self-respect. Every day we took our jobs more and more as a joke. We made out to each other we were getting real reckless and didn't give a hang for anything or anybody, but underneath it all I think we were beginning to get scared of ourselves.

You see, it was affecting our work. We no longer could turn out the copy the way we used to. It became harder and harder to write inspirationally, the way the boss wanted us to, and we would sit for hours before our machines tearing up sheet after sheet of paper and cursing ourselves and our jobs. But the more fun Aarons made of his work the better copy he turned out. You had to hand it to him.

"When you're a harlot you have to know how, eh, boys?" he would say, banging away at his machine and talking all the time. And he would grin down his long nose as if we were the big joke.

Now what kind of way is that for a fellow to talk about his work, especially with ladies in the office? That's the trouble with these Jews; they never know when to stop. It used to make me sick to see Miss Childe shining up to Aarons and trying to appear clever just to get him to say something nice about her copy.

But the climax came one day when the boss called us into conference. What do you suppose he said? He said we were all letting up on our jobs except Aarons, and that Aarons was the only one that was worth anything to him.

"You could all take a lesson from Aarons," the boss said. "When he writes he puts his whole heart into it. He convinces you in whatever he does because he's convinced before he puts down a word on paper. I want to see more of his conviction in your work hereafter."

And there was Aarons sitting there all the time as cool as you please. It's a wonder we didn't choke on the boss' words. Believe me, we felt pretty cheap, I can tell you.

After we got back to our desks, Aarons didn't say anything for some time. He sat there, holding his head in his hands as if he had a headache. He had never been so quiet before.

"There's no fool like an old fool, eh, Mr. Aarons," Miss Childe said, sort of laughing, but you could see she was bursting with envy for what the boss had said to him.

Aarons didn't even answer her. Suddenly he lifted his head, and speaking in a voice we had never heard before, almost as if he were begging Mr. Mold to listen to him, he said:

"Mold, you've got a wife and child, you'll understand me. Suppose you couldn't get a job, suppose, no matter how hard you tried, you couldn't fit in anywhere, would you let your wife walk the streets for you?"

Mr. Mold was so surprised he actually turned pale.

"Why, what do you mean?" he stammered.

"Don't get angry, please," Aarons went on in that strange, pleading voice that was so new to us. "Look at it in another way. Suppose you didn't want another job, you just couldn't stick it any longer, see, and you knew you could never be satisfied with another job, would you let your wife and child go shift for themselves sooner than go on humiliating yourself?"

Mr. Mold stared at Aarons, and then a broad grin broke over his face.

"Say, what are you up to now, Aarons?" he said, and we all laughed with relief to think Aarons was only joking again.

But Aarons didn't laugh at all. He merely shrugged his shoulders, and suddenly he looked extraordinarily sad as if he were going to cry. Then he got up, went over to the washstand in the corner of the office and began washing his hands.

Mr. Nash rapped his forehead with his knuckles and nodded to us as much as to say: I told you so.

And the next thing we knew, Aarons had quit.

EDWIN SEAVER.

CORRESPONDENCE

Death and the Newspapers

SIR: At the precise hour of Thomas Hardy's passing, a New York court stayed for twenty-four hours the electrocution of Ruth Snyder for murder. The two happenings were reported concurrently in the press, and the manner in which they were presented offers a fair yardstick to lay against our principal New York newspapers.

It should be borne in mind that the stay of execution granted to Mrs. Snyder was a mere technical maneuver on the part of her lawyers. The Snyder case has run like a sewer through our newspapers for many months, and there was nothing new to say about it that couldn't be fully said in three hundred words. The death of the great Victorian removed a man who had done more to enrich English literature, I take it, than any contemporary. Here is how the five leading morning papers handled the two events, in total column inches accorded to headlines, illustrations and text:

	Snyder Case	*Hardy's Death*
Herald Tribune	54.5	59
New York Times	63.5	31.5
World	78.5	20
American	116	5
News (tabloid)	289	2

The Herald Tribune, which more than any other New York paper appeals consistently to an intelligent and discriminating audience, not only gave nearly twice as much space to Hardy's death as its nearest competitor, but gave it much the best display,

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putting his photograph at the top of its first page. The Times printed the story below the fold of its first page, and gave to the headline precisely the same display as the routine slaughter of fourteen additional Nicaraguan "rebels" by our Marines. The World relegated Hardy to its fifth page, and Hearst's American found five inches more than enough, by a fraction, for headline, illustration and text, on page 4. A careful reader of the Daily News could have found the Hardy item on page 32. These facts, which are not exceptional, but accord with a definite news policy on the part of each paper, serve to rate them accurately for the reading public.

On the same day these stories were printed, the Herald Tribune revealed in an editorial a journalistic conflict between ethics and salesmanship. Its concluding sentences were:

> We believe in the publication of crime news as a deterrent to crime, as a means of establishing justice, as a protection to society. On the other hand, we hold there is a limit to the details, a limit surely short of the satisfaction of the morbid curiosity which battens on the writhings of poor wretches from whom society exacts the full penalty.

No one will pretend that a day of grace extended to a corset salesman's paramour acts as a deterrent of crime. Not even when the bodies of thieves were hung in chains outside Tyburn did the spectacle deter stealing. If the publication of crime details acted as a deterrent, the press should devote more space to this category of news, instead of trying to explain away the space it does devote to crime. The enormous space given to a not unexpected development in the Snyder case was part of the technique of babbittry, developed within the last fifteen years by news editors. It has been found that a story, however interesting or startling, which lasts but a day, sells comparatively few papers. The big sales come from stories which make possible the lashing of public excitement to a fever pitch, and this may require several days or weeks. The approaching execution of this woman and her lover was exploited by the newspapers solely for circulation purposes.

When New York instituted the electric chair for capital punishment, newspapers were legally forbidden to print any details of an execution. They defied that law with impunity, and the managing editor of the World, at the time of the first electrocution, procured a section of the cable to the chair as a souvenir. None of our institutions is so lawless as the press when its freedom to exploit sensationalism is interfered with; and the law against publicity of executions was repealed because the state dared not, or cared not, to enforce it.

However sincerely the editor of the Herald Tribune may shrink from stimulating and gratifying the "morbid curiosity which battens on the writhings of poor wretches," its news editor will continue the brazen inflation of this type of news. He must, if he is to maintain the fierce competition with the New York Times and the World. The law and the profits of mass circulation, on which advertising rates are predicated, lie that way. Our newspapers live by bread alone, and their constitutional guarantee of freedom is a privilege to debauch their readers. It is the only kind of freedom they seem to care about. They do not employ their privileged status for the criticism of elected officials or the championship of unpopular views. They employ their special position to make money from the scorching flesh of two felons.

SILAS BENT.

New York City.

President Trotter's Resignation

SIR: It is with great regret that those of us most deeply concerned in the recent struggle in West Virginia for an impartial presentation of truth have read your comment upon the incident, printed in the January 4 issue.

The inference that President Trotter's resignation was in any way connected with the affair is entirely unwarranted by the facts. His resignation was given to the university governing authorities five years ago. The first item of business taken up by the new Board of Governors of the University, appointed last July, was the selection of a new president.

If the New Republic, which is generally regarded as one of the leading guides of the liberal movement in this country, cannot be relied upon for more accuracy and truthfulness than this, we wonder if, in spite of our small success, our cause is not, after all, a hopeless one.

MARY HUNTER.

Morgantown, West Virginia.

[The New Republic naturally dislikes inaccuracies, on its own part as well as on the part of others. The statement in question was made on the authority of the Civil Liberties Bureau.—THE EDITORS.]

Representation of Interests

SIR: Although, wisely or unwisely, the premeditated arrangement of representation of vocational interests in governmental organization is, apparently quite generally, disparaged in this country, the principle of vocational representation is, at the same time, accepted both in theory and practice. There is always popular interest in the character of the respective vocations pursued by the members of Congress and the state legislatures; it is "news," and is reported accordingly. Thus, typically: "In recent years, particularly in the House, there has been a decline in the number of lawyers and an increase in the number of farmers. The membership of the most recent session, by occupations and professions, was as follows." And it seems to be universally conceded that the various economic interests should be "fairly represented" in the legislature. Thus: "The most important industry in Oregon is agriculture. . . . Why should it not have its share of representatives in the legislature? Legislation at Salem is mostly by lawyers. . . . Every activity or profession has its own viewpoint. It has its own experiences, its own practical information and its own prejudices. . . . In order to get just legislation, broad legislation and fair legislation, every important activity should be represented in the legislature by members of its own group."

Moreover, the same principle has been recognized at times as applying to important legislative committees. So Mr. Longworth promised that the reorganization of the steering committee of the House of Representatives "would give full representation to all geographical regions and agricultural as well as all other interests of the country." In administration, the principle of vocational representation has long been applied, and members, all or part, of numerous boards and commissions are now appointed, under express statutory authority, as representatives of various vocations directly interested. But it seems to be implied that such representation in the legislature, admitted to be desirable, must properly come by *accident* and not through *design*. There is certainly something wrong somewhere. It seems that we are capable of maintaining in matters political, as well as in matters philosophical, at one and the same time, and without any mental discomfiture, an *idealistic* and a *practical* belief that are inconsistent with each other.

JAMES D. BARNETT.

Eugene, Oregon.

A Correction

SIR: A "New York Diary" paragraph in your January 18 issue, written by myself, questions the claim of the operetta "Golden Dawn" of successorship to "Rose-Marie," citing the "Friml music" of the latter and the "Kalman-Stothart score" of the former. I call my own attention to the fact that each of these two scores is, in part, the work of Herbert Stothart, and that they are, therefore, at least relations, if not exactly half-sisters.

A NEW YORK DIARIST.

New York City.

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The Financial Reconstruction of Germany

The History of Reparations, by Carl Bergmann. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 333 pages. $6.

The Stabilization of the Mark, by Hjalmar Schacht. London: Allen and Unwin. 8s. 6d.

TWO books have lately appeared by the two financial diplomatists who, on the German side, have played, perhaps, the greatest individual parts in the extraordinarily rapid financial recovery of Germany from the ruin of 1919-23—Herr Carl Bergmann and Dr. Hjalmar Schacht. Both books have been written not only with the authority of persons who have themselves played a major part behind the scenes in the unrolling of the events described, but also with a remarkable objectivity of vision and evenness of temper. They pass by the external chronicles and well worn tables of statistics which do duty time after time in the ephemerals of lesser authorities, and are persistently concerned with trying to tell us what really happened and what was really important. The volumes are, therefore, definitive contributions to the history of our times, which should be on the shelves of every historical or economic library.

Herr Bergmann was behind the scenes continuously from the appointment of the organization committee of the Reparation Commission in 1919 to the adoption of the Dawes Plan in 1924. He was one of the most successful of that invaluable class of persons who do not occupy gilded chairs, but establish friendly informal relations with the opposite side and are the vehicles of those private communications exploring the possibilities of the situation, yet committing no one to anything, which are the indispensable preliminary to success in formal conference, especially in those conferences which concern more parties than two. Of such gifts Herr Bergmann showed himself a great master, to the advantage of his country and of the world, and through five years, in which nothing was steady and little was honorable and most things were turned upside down, he did not lose the respect of the many different characters whom he was so sedulously and ingeniously edging along the path that they should go. At any rate, it helps history if such a person, when it is all over and what was indiscreet yesterday has become discreet today, sits down with a cool head and a steady pen to tell his tale.

On June 16, 1919, the German delegation left Versailles for Weimar, in order unanimously to recommend its government to reject the terms of peace, because it saw no possibility of fulfilling the Allies' demands; but the Weimar government, not dissenting from the truth of this conclusion, deemed that expediency required them to sign. From that day on, the contest for sanity and wisdom had to be fought simultaneously along the two lines represented by the decisions of the delegation and of its government respectively. It was my endeavor in a series of books and articles during those years to declare the eventual destination, conceding as little as possible to the diplomatic demands for half-truths or quarter-truths—or 10 percent truth to start with; and to throw down with violence the idols of the market place. It was Herr Bergmann's part to put up patiently with nonsense, even sometimes to talk a little of it, and to be forever concerned with the next possible step and content with it, provided that the direction was right. Reading again the history of those years from the angle of Herr Bergmann's vision, one feels indeed a certain inevitability—that the various stages, however imbecile and disastrous in themselves, had to be passed through. But one feels also the extraordinary wastefulness and futility and lack of real necessity in the events of that period.

The footprints of even the greatest historical events are not slowly obliterated; and those who have come out at the other end are inclined to belittle the evils overpassed, like yesterday's toothache. Herr Bergmann's story serves to recall the nature of the risks which were run, the evils which were imposed and endured, and the final fruitlessness of the whole business. So early as April 24, 1921, the German government transmitted an offer to accept reparation terms which would have been more onerous than the Dawes Plan. And it is certain that the embodiment in the Treaty of Versailles of anything approaching the Dawes Plan would have been accepted by Germany with enthusiasm and regarded by the whole world as an act of appeasement and honorable generosity toward defeat.

Thus for no ultimate gains whatever, the risk of general revolution was incurred, the collapse of Germany in particular was twice threatened, the middle classes of Central Europe were beggared, millions of persons suffered penury and starvation, the Ruhr was invaded, and the economic progress of the whole of Europe, including Great Britain, was put back by at least ten years.

When we turn to Dr. Schacht's book, we are concerned, in the main, with a different period and a different method. Dr. Schacht tells, it is true, from its beginning the story of the collapse of the German currency, and this part of his narrative, being an account of the internal economy of Germany as affected by external events, is a useful complement to Herr Bergmann's account of the way in which these external events came to pass. But his main theme is the remarkable achievement of the restoration of the German financial system to a position of confidence and efficiency within the brief period of three years after Herr Bergmann's diplomacy had done its work. Dr. Schacht is a diplomatist too, in his way; but his way is not particularly smooth. Dr. Schacht has shown himself one of Germany's strong men. He has won his victories by determination and strength of character, by great obstinacy and courage in the face of opposition, and by holding tenaciously to a few simple principles, rather than by any especial subtlety of intellect or method. He deserves to be proud of the results. No one would have believed, when he became Currency Commissioner in 1923 and succeeded Herr Havenstein shortly afterward as President of the Reichsbank, that within four years the financial reconstruction of Germany could possibly have been carried to its present point.

Dr. Schacht's simple principles were the following: that in the conditions of the German currency collapse of 1923 a straightforward return to the gold standard was essential; that a limitation of the volume of the currency was fundamental and much more important, in the particular circumstances of the case, than discount policy; that he must stand up like a man to vested position, particular interested parties, and political pressure, or perish in the attempt; and, above all, that the restoration of confidence would be cumulative, just as its collapse had been, and that, therefore, to begin the restoration of confidence would be half the battle. All these principles were sound and right; and nothing else was necessary. So far as concerned the gold standard, Germany could obviously not be the one to act as pioneer in currency improvements. In general, the rapidity of Dr. Schacht's success was a confirmation of the advice tendered by the foreign experts called in by the

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German government in 1922, before the invasion of the Ruhr, that the currency problem would be susceptible of treatment by the recognized methods much more easily and rapidly than was commonly supposed, as soon as the Reparation Commission should make the necessary decisions permitting any solution at all.

Dr. Schacht's reorganization would, of course, have been impracticable without the adoption of the Dawes Plan in 1924. But its most remarkable historical feature is the fact that the mark was first stabilized before the adoption of the Dawes Plan and whilst the Ruhr was still occupied, the Ruhr occupation, by terminating the normal reparation payments, having brought about indirectly the necessary relief to the exchange. "Three dates," Dr. Schacht concludes, "constitute landmarks in the recovery of the German currency. On November 20, 1923, the mark was stabilized at the rate of a billion paper marks to one gold mark; on April 7, 1924, the enforcement of credit rationing finally assured the success of the stabilization; and lastly, on October 10, 1924, the addition of the 800 million gold marks of the Dawes loan to the working capital of the country provided just that economic backing which the situation required."

In his references to the future, Dr. Schacht touches on some matters which are still controversial, in particular the part to be played by foreign loans in the discharge of payments due under the Dawes Plan. As between the policy of putting off the evil day by Germany's borrowing as much as the world can be persuaded to lend her, and the policy of facing an earlier crisis by restricting payments so far as possible to what can be made out of current surplus, Dr. Schacht plumps for the latter. Dr. Schacht has made enemies by so valorously laying about him, and there are problems still ahead which may need a Bergmann as well as a Schacht. But I believe that, in his country's interests, the policy which he is now advocating is probably right; but my sympathies have always been, perhaps, a little too much with those who are facing the facts of tomorrow and too little with the diplomatists who are helping us to last out today.

J. M. KEYNES.

The Letters of Gertrude Bell

The Letters of Gertrude Bell of Arabia, edited by Lady Bell. New York: Boni and Liveright. Two vols. 791 pages. $10.

WHAT a fine thing it is to be young! Now, Gertrude Bell was eternally young, but, reading her letters, we discover that at a given moment she was young not only in spirit but in years. She was at an age when she had no idea of what her future held in store for her, but everything was exciting. She was just over twenty; she had taken a brilliant First at Oxford; she was embarking on life. Mr. Grimston cannot supply mutton at ninepence a pound any longer, it is so dear now; was she not right to refuse to go to Paddington alone with a young man in a hansom? Why does one stop to say how do you do to Lord — in Piccadilly? it is so foolish to stop and talk in the street, one has nothing to say, and does it only out of surprise; a green velvet train would be nicer than a black one for the drawing-room; she has been to the British Museum on a bicycle; there is Persian to be learnt, and Latin, in spite of the horrid catching briars of prepositions and conjunctive moods; may she go to Persia? It is the place which she has always wanted to see; in the meantime she wears a blue-green velvet in her hair which is most becoming. The letters chatter on; nothing is too small to arouse her enthusiasm, her amusement, and her curiosity. She goes to Persia; she goes to Italy; she goes round the world, not once, like most people, but twice. She performs amazing feats of mountaineering in the Alps. Finally she goes to Palestine, and a new book opens. "This is my first night in the desert—the first of I wonder how many dozen scores—Heaven knows!" From the first she seems to recognize in the desert her spiritual home. "I never tire of looking at the red gold landscape and wondering at its amazing desolation. I like marching on through it, and sometimes I wonder whether there is anywhere that I am at all anxious to reach."

That last phrase gives the keynote: she was a born adventurer. Although she loved her home in Yorkshire and was more than ordinarily devoted to her family, as her letters testify, one cannot imagine her leading a commonplace life in England. One must ride onward, even though there is nowhere in particular that one is at all anxious to reach. "Can you picture the singular beauty of these moonlight departures! the frail Arab tents falling one by one, leaving the camp-fires blazing into the night: the dark masses of the kneeling camels; the shrouded figures binding up the loads, shaking the ice from the water-skins, or crouched up over the hearth for a moment's warmth before mounting. 'Yallah, yallah, oh children!' cries the old sheikh, knocking the ashes out of his narghileh. 'Are we ready?' So we set out across the dim wilderness, Sheikh Muhammad leading on his white dulul. The sky ahead reddens, and fades, the moon pales and in sudden splendor the sun rushes up over the rim of the world. To see with the eyes is good, but while I wonder and rejoice to look upon this primeval existence, it does not seem to be a new thing; it is familiar, it is a part of inherited memory." This is the first part of her true career—this riding out into the desert—"Isn't it a joke being able to talk Arabic?"—she goes to Petra and Palmyra, not very usual or easy expeditions in 1900, but a mere stirrup-cup to her who presently should ride to Ukhaidir and Hayil. Among the extraordinary variety of her occupations, it is probably as the sojourner in the desert that she will be most vividly remembered. Politician, linguist, archeologist, mountaineer, writer, gardener, naturalist —her name still conjures up predominantly the vision of a frail and indomitable figure riding ahead of her Arabs.

Then came the War, and this explorer, with her unequaled knowledge of Arabia, plunged into the new career of service to the state. She was busy with the making of kings; she was destroying her health in the burning summers of Bagdad; but still the youthful vigor and fun of the early letters goes on: she is director of archeology for Iraq, she is creating a museum for the treasures of Ur and Babylon, but may she have a mauve blue hat, mushroom in shape? and a bathing dress in two pieces, for she has worn hers out, swimming in the Tigris? The most modest of celebrities, from time to time she allows herself a burst of satisfaction: "It's fun to be me, when one gets to Asia." A fuller and richer life, a fuller and richer nature, it is hard to imagine, yet "Oh, if one could look forward and see a time when thought should stop, and memory, and consciousness, I'm so tired of struggling on alone . . . . I was greeted by friends from the desert, and had the wildest desire to escape into it and be heard of no more."

Of course she did not escape. Her family and her

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doctors were all urging her to spare herself and go on leave, but in the intolerable heat of July she was still writing from Bagdad, "Give me a little time to get things into some kind of order, and then if you want me to take what leave I can, I will do so." That leave was never taken. "It was my faith," wrote one of her Arab friends, "always to send Miss Bell the first of my fruits and vegetables, and I know not now where I shall send them."

V. SACKVILLE-WEST.

Who Shall Inherit the Earth?

Standing Room Only? by Edward Alsworth Ross. New York: The Century Company. 368 pages. $3.

WESTERN nations are reckless about saving lives. They are spreading their knowledge and methods of death prevention even to "backward" peoples, and their own standards are thereby endangered, because the backward peoples insist on spawning across the earth. Will the Westerners be able to spread also their high level of economic demand in order to create a world-wide aversion to big families and thus save the fruits of living for a reasonably small number of sharers? Professor Ross asks this question with a good deal of courage and clarity. Perhaps in his "post-Malthusianism" he takes overmuch space to show that preventive medicine makes a high birth rate not only unnecessary but pernicious. He discusses diseases as if they were historical entities, instead of names for conditions, and he ignores the biologists' suggestion that population may have a natural curve partly independent of food supply. But he hammers home the spike of his thesis, that "adaptive fertility" must be taught to all the peoples of this unfortunately finite earth.

Nations or groups such as China and India, as well as most savages, push family production to the painful limit of subsistence. In fact, highly civilized oriental groups under the stimulus of ancestor cults are the most heartless in immolating mothers and multiplying babies. If they can be taught to appreciate the reasons why modern civilizations are less and less prolific, they—and we also—may be saved. Those reasons are the "necessity of more fully preparing children for life, commercial incitement to spend, democratic self-assertion, rising self-consciousness of women, and revolt against clerical control."

Because he considers them obstacles to the West's own solution of the problem, Professor Ross is especially bitter against the Catholic priests. "Did one not realize the stubborn resistance which venerable authoritative organizations always offer to adapting their position to changed conditions, one would suspect that ecclesiastics *enjoy* tormenting people with preposterous and anti-Christian taboos, or else that they are scheming to rid themselves ultimately of Protestants and all other heretics and schismatics by requiring their followers to outbreed and so supplant them."

Aside from these difficulties, however, he finds "adaptive fertility" making its way among western social groups for reasons given. While the groups who are less exigent for themselves and, therefore, more prolific are learning to limit families, we must maintain immigration barriers, Professor Ross believes, to protect ourselves. One wonders seriously if the salesman who raises the economic desires of the Oriental may not be a more beneficent agent than the medical missionary. In any case, the population question cannot be ignored, and this presentation shows that the dangers are imminent.

LYMAN BRYSON.

Our First Decade

Theatre, Essays on the Art of the Theatre, edited by Edith J. R. Isaacs. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. 341 pages. $4.50.

THIS is one of those blessed books whose contents are much more important than any opinions about it. It offers a collection of articles on the various phases of this complex art that the theater must be, and groups them under eight headings: the actor, the playwright and the drama, the director, scene design, costumes, the dance, architecture, new paths and by-ways, with something over forty allied illustrations. The list of contributors begins with the editor, Edith J. R. Isaacs, whose introductions to the volume and to each of the divisions are full of point and deep persuasion, and proceeds, through such names as Richard Boleslavsky, Ashley Dukes, Windsor P. Dagget, Ivor Brown, Edith Hamilton, Kenneth Macgowan, Sheldon Cheney, John Mason Brown, George Pierce Baker, André Levinson and others, to the last essay in the book, Vadim Uraneff's "Commedia dell' Arte and American Vaudeville."

Not everyone realizes that it is scarcely more than twenty years since Henry Miller played in what is called the first modern American drama, William Vaughan Moody's "The Great Divide," and that after this play there arose only gradually the impulses that have given to our theater the air of its own life and promise. The famous good old days had been really mere groups of players, however excellent, in imported plays. But this last decade of promise has seen a quickening in every element that the theater art lives by, in playwrighting, design, the dance, music, theatrical architecture and the theater's public. It is of this course of the American theater in the first decade of its creative history, seen against the theaters of older and riper cultures abroad, that the Theatre Arts Monthly has afforded the best and only luminous record to be had. This collection of essays is from its pages.

In its great periods the theater has always been at its greatest complexity as regards the parts that make it up. The Greek, the Elizabethan, the Russian before the War, to all these, for instance, went an employment of play, acting, music, design, of poetry, folk matter, and a closely related audience, that made the theater what it is, the most complex of all arts. From the pages of this book of essays there emerges a sense of these contributory arts, their nature, function and necessity, in themselves and in relation to the theater art.

No review, however short, would be fair that did not mention the peculiar problem that confronts the editor of such a journal as the Theatre Arts Monthly, who is also the editor of this volume. The trouble in such a case is that writing on esthetics suffers from the fact that writers of the subject are apt to know very little about it, and artists, who do know about it, cannot write. Mrs. Isaacs' editorial burden has been, on one side, to discover what few writers on the arts there may be who are really talking about their subject and are not like blind men, or men half blind, discoursing theories about painting, without being able to see blue from red; and on the other side to find artists that can write—and they are few indeed—and to coax and exhort other artists into an attempt at writing.

This last task is delicacy itself. You must first have the right reverence for the artist's soul. You must then know enough of art to know that you have no right to

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require a man that speaks on the violin to be able to speak also with a pen, or the writer of dramas to be also a writer on esthetics. You must understand that art itself is a kind of knowing, and that any real artist knows something of value that may go into words, if he can get it said or can be led to say it at least enough to be reworded here and there or to be edited into coherence and into what he really means. Alas, the task of his editor will be patient and long-suffering, a sort of appreciating, seminating, mothering, emendating and blue-penciling all in one; editorial on the one hand, promoting and arranging the contributions of creators, and on this other almost Virgilian,

haedorumque gregem viridi compeller hibisco,

driving a flock of kids with a green bullrush.

S. Y.

Fiction Notes

Southern Charm, by Isa Glenn. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

THIS book is evidently intended to be an affront to Southern womanhood; and it is more: it is a palpable hit. The scene is laid in the Park Avenue apartment of Mrs. Habersham's elder daughter, who has married a Northerner. The younger daughter, who long ago committed the unforgivable sin of giving something for nothing, has just turned up again, apparently unabashed and prosperous. This encounter causes the fluttering in the Habersham dovecote with which the story deals—a fluttering watched with an eye that seems to miss not a single ruffled pin-feather. The professionally charming women in the story are drawn for us with a quiet fury that sometimes distills to the right kind of acid for etching; at other times it fails to precipitate. We are not allowed to like a single person in the book, except by fits and starts, and this makes us uncomfortable, if not fidgety. Mrs. Glenn has turned aside to sketch a type for which she has no love; and the sketch is certainly well done. We could wish that she would discover a subject more to her liking, for if she does, her next book will be more to ours.

A President Is Born, by Fannie Hurst. New York: Harper and Brothers. $2.50.

THE late lamented President from Ohio is no relation whatever to the protagonist of Fannie Hurst's story, though the latter, too, is apparently a native son of that fruitful state. Her hero, David Schuyler, is the child of his parents' old age, and grows up a generation younger than his nephews and nieces. The Schuylers are a rugged farming clan, and David has to work for all he gets. The story proper takes us only to his departure for law school, but in a running commentary of footnotes (supposedly from the later diaries of his aunt) we are told of maturer successes and of his final triumphs in the presidency. Miss Hurst's language, when she is telling of the countryside and its people, its animals, is so full, so bursting with physical tenderness and homely touches, that we almost smell and touch and taste the words she uses. The footnotes, on the other hand, dealing with high matters and divorced from physical things, read like the breathlessly enthusiastic report of some feminine committee. The book is a perfect mouthful of the Middle West: its smack and flavor of health, energy, the solid, humorless excitement of achievement, of tearing down your barns to build greater.

The Last Post, by Ford Madox Ford. New York: A. and C. Boni. $2.50.

WITH "The Last Post," its author informs us, the tale of Christopher Tietjens is told. But the hero of the previous novels does not appear at all in this until the very end, though we learn all about him by hearsay. The whole novel, in fact, is hearsay: it is written almostly entirely in indirect discourse. The broken stream of thoughts, comments, remembered and reported conversations, shifts with the characters—Mark, his domestic genius, Marie Léonie, Valentine, Christopher's mistress, Sylvia, his wife, Gunning, the farmer. As one person and now another comes into focus, we gradually make out the scene. Mark, stricken at the Armistice, lies paralyzed on his outdoor bed; his wife and his brother's mistress manage the farm; Christopher ransacks the countryside for antiques to sell Americans. This allusive method of narration, if somewhat wearing for the reader, is wonderfully effective for conjuring up a living story, for giving us the feeling that we are actually inside the events. It is gossip, but gossip of an artistic order.

The Messenger of the Gods, by Phyllis Bottome. New York: George H. Doran Company. $2.

IT'S a pity, in some ways, that "The Messenger of the Gods" could not have been put into ballad form; it wears its dress of realistic novel a thought uneasily. A simple but lyric country lass, all unexperienced of life—one lover and a murder—is whisked into the sophistication of New York, to be the poeticule of a rich spinster. She continues on her primrose way: publishes a book of verse; gets drunk and falls into a potted plant; breaks with her second lover, a fellow as simple as herself. She tires of it all and takes a job; finds happiness at last and a semi-consumptive husband. The logic of these events reminds us irresistibly of Sophocles or Ring Lardner. The narrative is inimitable; and if you want to know how the leaders of New York society really talk—"Why, that's real moderate, dearie!"—throw away your Emily Post and buy this book.

Cups Wands and Swords, by Helen Simpson. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

CUPS WANDS AND SWORDS" is good reading, written with the kind of precocious charm and ease which young English writers seem to inherit naturally, and to which ours seldom, if ever, attain. As long as the story is content to remain superficial, it runs along as lightly as its dialogue. Tony, the hero, is at Oxford, and his orphaned twin, Celia, has come from Australia to join him. The triangle is between these two and Philip, Tony's friend, whom Celia marries, and is finally solved only after Tony's accidental suicide and a good deal of marital unpleasantness. Miss Simpson's best bits are her Oxford scenes: she has caught the pose, to a nicety, of a certain type of Oxford undergraduate; and the story of Tony's last luncheon party in his rooms deserves immortality. In what was perhaps a praiseworthy effort to make the book sure-fire, the author has gratuitously tacked on some purple patches of spiritualism, and raised other incongruous and forbidding implications. But the story skates

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over or around these hindrances with a skip and a jump, and for once we should be disappointed if there were not a happy ending.

Tinker's Leave, by Maurice Baring. New York: Doubleday Doran. $2.50.

THIS is a strange book to have been written by a diplomat, by an Englishman. One does not expect such simplicity from a diplomat, nor such a Russian candor from an Englishman. Miles Consterdine, an impeccably correct young Britisher, is finishing an impeccable holiday in Paris, when a chance meeting with traveling Russian nobility lifts him from his correct seat and sends him careering to Manchuria and the Russo-Japanese War as a correspondent for an American magazine. He learns Russian, gets drunk, takes part in a battle, comes down with dysentery, falls in love, buys an estate—and at the end, when he regretfully returns to his neglected business, is apparently the same young man as when he started. It is an unwieldy book: everything that happens, however irrelevant, is dutifully recorded, and always with the greatest good humor and simplicity, so that when occasionally we meet a sly comment, it seems extremely sly. "He said Haslam had no religion. He was as an American what in Russia corresponded to an atheist, because he did not care for *Business.*"

Eden, by Murray Sheehan. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.

IF Professor Erskine, that plupopularizer of wisdom, had not already told us the plot, we might listen more attentively to what Mr. Sheehan has to say. At that, it is a luscious, if somewhat Sunday-supplement, picture of the Garden which he gives us; but before we are a third of the way into the book the mischief is done and the cursed couple depart into the wilderness and hard-shell puritanism, which does not make very lively reading. The story is written—perhaps it had to be written—from the point of view of omniscience; and this is a point of view which no reviewer likes an author to preëmpt. Furthermore, it is a dangerous eminence from which to view any subject, for a report from this height must be couched in scripture. Mr. Sheehan's language is at times inoffensive, but it cannot be called scripture. God is one of the characters in this time-honored tale, but even the author of Genesis felt it wiser to leave Him more or less behind the scenes. Mr. Sheehan has introduced Him in person —in all three persons—and, from the eminence of a reviewer of novels, we may say at once that it is not a very good likeness.

T. S. MATTHEWS.

Contributors

H. N. BRAILSFORD, English publicist, is the author of "Across the Border," "Russian Impressions," and other books.

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J. M. KEYNES, editor of The Economic Journal, was the principal representative of the British Treasury at the Paris Peace Conference. He is the author of "The Economic Consequences of the Peace," "Monetary Reform," and other books.

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